THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

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HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

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GROWING OLD.

I'm growing old. I daily feel
The years are crowding on apace,
The seasons and their changes tell
Around with ever a little grace.
The lines are deeper on my brow,
My walk is more sedate, I ween,
My fries is are few, choicer now—
I'm growing old.

The things that pleased me when a boy
No longer please, but bore indeed;
The friends that gave me greatest joy
Are numbered in the sad list—or dead.
I find my memory has a pan,
I thrice retell a tale retold,
I like an after-dinner nap—
I'm growing old.

I'm growing old. Alack! Alack!
But yesterday I was a boy,
With life before, as backward track,
A dream of gold and blood alloy.
Oh, but to live it o'er again!
Oh, for the days of youth and gold!
But boys are boys and men are men—
I'm growing old.
—*J. T. Bargett, in Detroit Free Press.*

A BLOOD-STAINED LEAF.

It Kept Alive the Memory of Two Fatal Duels.

Two fatal duels fought within a few months of each other on the same spot—the life-blood of two men staining a little shrub, which, too, was zapped to death—are the bases of a story as true as it is hideously romantic. Every one who was in New Orleans in the summer of 1872, and is still living, must remember the Rhett-Cooley duel. Judge Cooley resigned his position as a Judge in one of the courts of the Parish of Orleans to challenge and fight Col. R. B. Rhett, then editor of the New Orleans *Picayune*. Colonel Rhett had published an extremely abusive article, impugning the Judge's motives and viciously assaulting his character. The duel was arranged, and Bay St. Louis, Miss., on the other side of Pearl River, fifty miles away from New Orleans, was selected as the ground. It is unnecessary to mention the names of those who witnessed the said affair; one, in addition to the principals, will be sufficient to explain the remarkable coincidences of which this reminiscence treats.

Carson Mudge was at that time the most prominent dealer in guns and sportsmen's materials in the Crescent City. He was known by all sportsmen and liked. The weapons selected were double-barreled shotguns loaded with ball. The manner of loading the guns is an important factor when accuracy is desired, as every sportsman knows. Mr. Mudge did this service for Colonel Rhett, as the easiest solution of the problem. He had performed similar favors before, but up to that time the aim of his man had not been as true, nor the intention so deadly, as those which characterized and governed Colonel Rhett. It was to be a duel *a l'outrance*, and Mr. Mudge did his best.

Two parties of men left New Orleans on an early train for the bay, and arrived at about ten o'clock. Carriages were taken to Nicholson avenue a broad lane running from the edge of the Mississippi Sound to the railroad, a mile distant. Just half way from the railroad track forty yards were stepped off and the positions drawn. Colonel Rhett's two seconds stood over Mudge as he carefully measured the powder, weighed the ball and wrapped it in a small piece of cloth, and all the leaden missile had grown with its covering to a size to tightly fit the bore. It was then honor, a few moments after the same operation had been performed among the little cluster of anxious men who stood across the lane. The principals paraded with the surgeons with whom they had been speaking, and were led to their places. Both men stood erect, their faces showing determination, a deadly hatred, but no fear.

Facing Colonel Rhett were orange trees just beginning to bud, and in front of Judge Cooley was a high row of palmettoes, whose blades contrasted strongly with the spotless white Cape jasmines that alternated with the acacia dotting the rear of a large, inclosed garden.

The Sound lay in limitless space on the east, gleaming like polished brass in the dancing rays of the sun. The barricade of the shotguns, too, were gleaming, but the gleam were the smiles of a demon.

The shocking birds were still singing their morning welcomes to the bright day when the word was given:

"Are you ready?"

The two men nodded assent.

"Fire! One, two."

The reports were almost simultaneous, and the duel was over.

Judge Cooley had washed out the stain on his honor in his blood. Colonel Rhett had sustained his by killing his adversary.

The birds had been frightened into silence, but only for a moment, and again their chorus of love, hope and peace blended in the ethereal with the perfume of flowers. A man had been killed and that was all—it had been done in a gentlemanly way. The spitting of the surgeon satisfied him; one look at the face of their friend told the tale to the seconds. Carson Mudge had loaded well, the bullet had gone to the heart of the game and the sportsman was satisfied.

The two sets of seconds were satisfied: all said they were satisfied—but one.

A little scrub was growing where Judge Cooley fell, and the red stream flowed from his breast two drops drippen upon two of its leaves. It was a song of deer grass, a succulent little green vegetation, tender as the sensitive plant. The two thin leaves swelled and so edged with the blood of the dead, and, so stated, sent the surplus through their veins to the stem.

The dead was removed and the living returned to the city.

The newspapers at the time published detailed accounts of the affair, as representatives of all the journals were present and reported in the perfectly fair manner in which a question of honor had been decided under the code. There had been no interruption by law officers, and no subsequent judicial eggs ranse taken of the case. Colonel Rhett returned to his old home in South Carolina and settled a newspaper.

Though the people who lived near the scene of the duel could see spots of blood on the grass where Judge Cooley fell, little attention was paid to that, as the grass would wither and die in the winter and a new crop sprout in the spring. And so the stains were left undisturbed.

It was not very long after that a Mr. Bienvenu challenged Judge Phillips, a practicing lawyer, and had the satisfaction of receiving a favorable answer to his notice.

Again shotguns, loaded with ball, were the weapons, and the identical spot where the Rhett-Cooley duel was fought was chosen. Once more Carson Mudge was called upon to display his ability in preparing the powder and ball. His services were secured by the Phillips party.

Little change had been made in the scene about the broad lane, and to the ordinary observer there was nothing to show that a man had been killed on the spot where the Bienvenu party were standing.

The season was not the same, it is true, and the oleanders were not blooming. Neither was the day so fine. Clouds shrouded the sun, and the trees looked like gaunt sentinels watching some hallowed place. The wind was laden with the spray from the whitecaps in the wavy Sound, and left a chill upon the cheeks it kissed as it went moaning through the pine forest beyond. It was a mournful scene, and the man who had gathered there seemed impressed with the uncanny nature of the spot and surroundings. Winter had brought death to nature's beauties, and men was preparing to deal death to his fellow.

The ground, though, bore no marks of a struggle. Apparently all signs of the previous affair had been obliterated. But to one who knew, and who cared to look, there was a mute witness to the deadly strife, the memory of which still lived with those assembled.

Two blood-stained leaves were clinging to a stem of deer grass; the stem, too, was slightly tinged with red, but on the other side were two more leaves as green and juicy as they were in the spring. The cold that had intervened had not chilled nor withered them. The ephemeral life of the tender summer blades had been preserved and prolonged by the vivifying heart's blood of a strong man.

Mr. Bienvenu took his position next to the incarnadined shrub and awaited the word.

It was given and the men fired.

Quickly the seconds and surgeons rushed to each, but there was no need of assistance. Mudge had been touched.

A look of disappointment came over the faces of two or three, but two or three others were glad that the bullets had sped wide of their mark.

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The seconds conferred and were inclined to bring about an amicable settlement.

"No," vehemently exclaimed Mr. Bienvenu. "I have not come here for fun, nor for an apology. I came here to fight—to kill him if I could, and I insist upon another shot."

Judge Phillips declared he was not anxious, nor did he care what eyes saw how he was in the hands of his friends.

The excitable creole was gesticulating and declaring to his seconds that conferences were useless; they had agreed to act for him, and he desired that the duel should be to a finish.

Once more the accommodating Mr. Mudge measured his powder and weighed his bullet. This time there was to be no mistake. Life was in the balance and blood should flow.

The men stood with the stocks of their guns on their hips, the muzzles at an angle of forty-five degrees and the hammer at full cock. Before "two" had been called the quick creole had pulled the trigger, and the sound of "two" was lost in the report of Judge Phillips' weapon.

Mr. Bienvenu fell, raised his hand and died.

"It is no use—he is shot through the heart," sorrowfully said the surgeon, and they bore him away.

His wife had lost a husband, but he had avenged what he had pleased to term an insult with his life.

When the duelists left the ground the two green leaves of the deer grass were no longer so. The dead man had fallen to the left of this sprig, and the leaves had dipped into his blood and taken its color.

Four years after, the writer visited the spot when attending another duel, which was fought in the vicinity, and which ended by one of the combatants receiving a Colchmard thrust through the arm. The season was winter, and everything around seemed dead but the orange trees, with their polished leaves and magnolias. The surroundings looked gloomier than they ever did, and it seemed as if the stranger were treading on sacred ground.

An indefinable something impelled him to search for the sprig of deer grass. There it was, keeping guard over the ashes of Cooley and Bienvenu. Its color was then a deep red, and its appearance that of a rusted wire. It was petrified, but cemented by the blood of two men, it had the life stem as when at maturity. The winds from the Gulf had blown the Sound into storms, and havoc had been made with the giant pines and pines in the background; but the stream which had made human hearts beat had kept the little shrub erect and firm.

Two years more and the trace of blood had disappeared. Inquiry developed the fact that an old negress, a voodoo woman, had dug up the sprig, and was using it in her fetish work. How many innocent heads slept over that murdered blood no one will ever know: old Celestine is dead.—*N. Y. Star.*

—Much is said in favor of the new kind of bricks made from the waste sand of glass factories, but experience dictates in such large quantities as to occasion much inconvenience. For utilization in this way, the sand is subjected to an immense hydraulic pressure, and then baked in furnaces at a high temperature, so as to produce blocks of various forms and dimensions, of a uniform white color, which are composed of almost pure silex. The crushing load is from two to three tons per square inch.—*Chicago Journal.*

—The presidency of the United States is to be abolished. It is *le Figaro*, the Parisian truth-teller, that lets us know about it.

FEEDING FOR EGGS.

Why Hens Should Be Supplied With Egg-Forming Food.

An egg is composed of all the elements that sustain life, and unless the hens are supplied with the materials necessary for the formation of eggs they can no more lay than can the cows give a large supply of milk on insufficient food. Not only is the carbonaceous material required for the yolk, but the nitrogenous matter composing the "white" of the egg is essential. Then there are the mineral elements to be supplied with a large quantity of water. The matter of supplying plenty of water in winter is often overlooked, and yet there can be no eggs laid until the hens have received the water necessary for their purpose. Hence, too much care can not be exercised in winter, when the water easily freezes, in devising some method for affording it to them. Many persons adopt the plan of watering the hens three times a day, giving it slightly warmed, when it becomes an excellent invigorator and stimulant. In feeding, not only should a variety be allowed, but the hens should have gravel, pounded shells and plenty of dry earth or coal ashes for a dust bath. A liberal supply of corn will furnish the material for the yolk, but it will not supply the requisite matter for the formation of the albumen. The proper feed for that purpose is meat, milk, or linseed meal, although wheat will partially assist. The lime does not come from the oyster shells entirely but also from the grains. All foods contain a proportion of lime, and in those sections where the water is hard, a portion is derived, though that source of supply is small. Cabbage and onions are correctives, and are used as a dietary regulation, and the best method of feeding, therefore, is to so manage as to give the hens a variety of food, leaving them to select such as they prefer, as the natural instinct of the fowls will guide them in preferring that most suitable for them.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

A DEPOT STORY.

How a Brakeman Diehed a Train With Great Success.

"Horrible, horrible! sir; I say horrible. I never want to witness such a sight again." He was a little fat fellow buttoned up in a neat suit of clothes, that proclaimed him a drummer at first sight; his little round nose peeped over his curled lawn-tennis mustache as if to see what his mouth was saying.

"What has happened?" chimed in the usual old woman in mourning and spectacles, who is always around every depot.

"Why," said the fat man, after getting his breath, "I walked down the track to get a little fresh air, when standing watching a freight train pass, I saw a brakeman fall down between the cars and with my own eyes saw forty-seven cars pass over him. Oh, it was horrible! horrible!" Here the fat man closed his eyes as though to shut out the sight.

"And did it kill him?" broke in the old woman.

The fat man opened his eyes, and in an easy way said: "Oh, no; it didn't kill him. How could it? Only forty-seven cars, and they only loaded with pig-iron, coal, etc. Kill him, my dear madame? No, indeed; he only ditched the engine and four box-cars, nine flatcars; after the forty-seventh car had passed over him he jumped up, as always the case after forty-seven cars has run over a man—and commenced to examine the track to see what damage had been done. He said to me as was glad he hadn't broken any of the rails or fractured any of the car wheels, as the company would take it out of his pay."

"Oh, I'm so glad he wasn't killed," exclaimed the usual old woman.

"And so am I," said the fat man.

The train had just come in, the old woman and her band-boxes got aboard, the fat man went forward to the smoker to smoke and think what idiots some people are.—*The Judge.*

TAR-PAVED WALKS.

Directions for the Construction of a Highly Satisfactory Garden Walk.

The London *Garden*, speaking of these walks as well adapted to the kitchen garden, says that it is an error to suppose that they may be made by simply pouring tar over stones, cinders and coarse sand, and then gives the following directions, and states that walks thus made will be very durable, clean and perfectly free from odor or liability to soften in the hottest weather; a coat of tar, put on with a brush, being required in two years.

First, the foundation must be perfectly solid, and constructed of hard and durable material, three inches in thickness of the tar paving being ample for all purposes; the stones used should be perfectly free from dirt and of a hard, angular character, in order that they may wear well and keep firmly together. The stones must be burnt in large heaps like ordinary clay bricks, sifted while they are very hot, and mixed with tar that has been heated until the whole is thoroughly saturated. This process is the secret of making tar-paving. If mixed when the stones are too hot, the tar is burnt; if when too cold, the saturation is imperfect. It requires some experience to know the exact heat necessary for successful mixing. These paths should always be edged with the durable material, named five edgings, although, if desired, sash may be planted outside the edging. The tile or brick edging serves to prevent the crumbling away of the paving. Take care in laying the paving that it is rolled until no interstices are left; the ordinary iron garden roller is of no use for the purpose. A heavy one of solid stone is needed for consolidating all properly. The material should be laid in two coats, one coarser than the other. As to the surface, crushed spar or shells and sharp sand may be used; I prefer the shell, which may also be sprinkled on the pavement occasionally after the paving is perfectly dry.

PITH AND POINT.

—The man who knows the least requires the greatest space to tell it.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—It is customary in Germany to kill an editor whenever he says anything witty. There has been no editor killed in Germany for many years.—*Evansville Argus.*

—Tenure but a man can buy for two dollars the less bonnet a woman can buy for twenty, and yet some folks say this world was slung together in perfect harmony.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—First Doctor—Well, I'm sorry to see you in this shape, Doc. Who's prescribing for you, by the way? Second Doctor—Nobody. Doing it myself. First Doctor—Great Scott! don't! You're committing suicide!—*Puck.*

—Tailor — Married or unmarried? Customer—Married. Tailor (to cutter) —One pocket concealed in lining of vest. Customer—Eh? What? Tailor (explaining)—To hide your change, you know, dear boy. I'm married myself.—*Chicago Rambler.*

—It knocks all the gilt off the gingerbread of an editor's life to know that when he has written a fiery and brilliant article denouncing tyranny and exposing slavery he will have to go home and split kindling-wood for his wife and black the mother-in-law's boots.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—An elderly gentleman is seen to tread on a piece of orange-peel, and come heavily down, on which he is completely called the small of his back. To him, polite stranger, raising his hat: "Excuse me, sir; would you mind doing that again? My friend didn't see it."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Jones—Smith, you are the laziest man I ever saw. Smith—Correct, Jones—They say you sleep fifteen hours out of every twenty-four. Smith—Correct. Jones—What do you do it for? Smith—In order to exercise. You see it costs nothing to sleep, but the moment you wake up expenses begin.—*Boston Post.*

—Clerk: Sophia (talented and accomplished)—Yes, I like Mr. Fibson. He's so sensible. He told me he didn't care a rap for quintellectual women, however. Quintellect they might be. Consin Bella (only pretty)—Did he, really? Why, he told me he couldn't bear intellectual women at all. He said women's mission was to be beautiful!—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

ONCE TOO OFTEN.

A Too Frequent Test of the Financial Value of Temperay Nails.

Something clinked on the bottom of the Randolph street car, and an indifferently washed man, wearing bad clothes and a worse face, groped about despairingly.

"Oh, the poor fellow!" involuntarily murmured a pale woman with eyeglasses and sympathy, "he just looks as though it was the last nickel he had."

The other nine passengers looked excessively sorry, and the tinti nnabulations of the conductor's approaching bell-punch percolated through the gloom like melancholy endences from some distant convent tower. The indifferently washed man felt a poverty shiver as the conductor came along.

"Fare, please."

"My dime, sir, just fell through the foot-rack there on the floor."

"Where?"

"Right down there, sir; it went clean out of sight."

"Yes, indeed, Mister Conductor," interposed the little woman. "I saw him lose it."

"Never mind," said the Conductor, at length, "here's your five cents change. I'll find the dime when I take the car into the barn."

Then everybody thought what a kind man the conductor was, and the unwashed passenger debarked at the Halsted street crossing.

Not long subsequent he ascended into a Madison street trausport. Something clinked on the floor soon after.

"Fare, sir," said the conductor, interrupting the frantic search which he was making among the interstices of the foot-rack.

"I've lost my dime, sir, and it——"

B-ff!

"You are the——"

Bang!

"Blanked tramp who worked that——"

B-ff! Biff!

"Dodge on me last week."

Bang! Bang!

The woman screamed; the men laughed; and he, fishing himself out of the slushy snow, looked unutterably bankrupt as he spitefully cast away his remnant stock in trade—a handful of temperay nails.—*Chicago News.*

PRETTY GIRLS.

Beauty By No Means as Attractive as It Is Supposed to Be.

Beauty in women is not to be underrated, but it is easy to overvalue it. A well-known employer, who has about two thousand girls in his store and work-rooms, was asked the other day whether a pretty girl could sell more goods than an ordinary-looking one. After hesitation he answered, doubtfully: "Yes—I suppose so; other conditions being equal." Beauty alone, he said, will not lure the money from a careful customer; and when a girl is too conscious of her beauty, and supposed to depend upon it for her power to please, it becomes a hindrance. The intelligent mind, the winning manner, the earnest purpose, are "the other qualifications" which give success.

It is much the same in the great affair of marriage. Beauty alone is by no means the attractive force it is often supposed to be. Dull, conscious, irresponsive beauty pleases but for a moment, and does not in that moment please much. It is the good, kind, friendly, capable girl whom we all love, and who can soon cast convert liking into love. If, in addition to all these nice qualities, she has the gift of beauty, so much the better. But we can dispense with that very easily when the heart is good and the mind is intelligent.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

THE UNFASHIONABLE ONE.

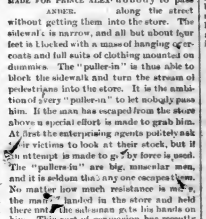
A fashionable woman
In a fashionable way;
A self-satisfied comment
Of a fash-onable bine;
A fashionable prattle
And a fashionable gown,
A fashionable stride and
A fashionable frown;
In fashionable manner
A fas-sionable spree;
A fash-sionable parlor,
With a fash-sionable speech;
A fashionable sermon
Made of fash-sionable reach;
A fashion ble ate-me
At the fashionable door;
A fashionable pain
To the fash-on-ble poor;
A fash-ionable flower
And a fashionable thrill;
A fa-h-nable lillie
For a fash-ionable belle.
A fash-ionable wedding,
And a fash-ion-ble di.
A fash-ionable everything,
But *No Fashionable God.*
—*Merchant Traveler.*

THE "PULLERS-IN"

Employed by Retail Dealers on Certain Streets of New York—How Hatters, Shoemakers and Clothiers Drag in Their Customers—The Worrest Tale Told in Grabbing the Unwary—Experiences in Running the Gauntlet.

From Canal street to Chatham the south side of Baxter street is lined with many clothing stores. Each establishment has its "puller-in" standing in front of the door, whose business it is to follow along the street without getting them into the store. The sidewalk is narrow, and all but about four feet is blocked with a mass of hanging overcoats and full suits of clothing mounted on dummies. The "puller-in" is thus able to block the sidewalk and turn the stream of pedestrians into the store. It is the ambition of every "puller-in" to let nobody pass him. The man has escaped from the store above a special effort is made to grab him. At first the enterprising agents politely ask for a look at their stock, but if that attempt is made to go by force is used. The "pullers-in" are big, muscular men, and it is seldom that any one escapes them. No matter how much resistance is made, the man is landed in the store and held there until the salesman gets his hands on him. This sort of persuasion has recently made English the "pullers-in," and several of them have been brought before the courts.

They are no respecters of persons, and now and then wine upon a man who complains of them. A short time ago Justice Duffy was hastening along Baxter street



DRAGGING THE TOWARY.

when he was captured. He was hustled into a store and shown several suits of clothes which he was forced to examine. He escaped by buying some suspenders and a collar-buttons. The next day a man named Charles Harris complained to the Justice of having been knocked about on Baxter street and asked for a warrant for his assailant's arrest. When the man was brought before him Justice Duffy recognized him as Abraham Friedman of No. 3 Baxter street, who had pulled him into his store only the day before.

The persistent clothiers on Baxter street have paid no attention to the order of Justice Duffy, and the burly "puller in" patrolled the curb in front of every store yesterday. They pulled and hauled as usual and hustled off another. There were buttoned up, and the wrinkles pulled down, and a glass thrust before him. Mullen did not need an overcoat, so the persistent clerk compelled him to try on several suits of clothing.

The same thing was repeated at a number of stores. A man named Lawrence seized him and pulled him into No. 64 Baxter street. There a loud suit was forced on. The proprietor told him to sit down, took off his old shoes and fitted him with a well-polished second-hand pair. The shoes did not suit, so a new pair was produced. Mullen thought that he had been bothered enough and began his stand to have his turn on the "puller-in". With a jump he snatched the new shoes and started out of the store to test them on the sidewalk. He ran down the street with Lawrence after him and was caught by a friendly "puller-in", who held him by the collar until Lawrence marched off to the station-house and locked up on a charge of larceny.

As the crowd gathered in the crowd in front of the shoe store, he was seized by a "puller-in" for a hat store. The man took him by the arm and pushed him into the store. A clerk closed the door, and, standing between it and the reporter, politely took off the latter's hat and said "Burke", as he looked at the man inside.

"What kind of a hat do you want?" the man asked, turning to the latter.

"I don't want anything to-day."

"You don't mean that."

"I tell you I don't want anything here."

"Don't you want a ten dollar gold piece?" inquired the clerk, as he took down a dollar and threw it on the shelf.

"That's a different thing."

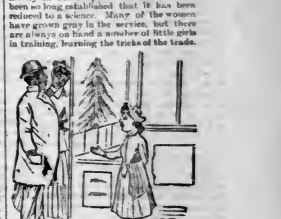
"Well, you'd take that, wouldn't you? Then you don't know but you want a hat? You don't know what you want."

The man laid out an assortment of hats and named the price, finally making a reduction on all of them. He tried on one hat after another and called attention to the great bargains offered. During this time he told the reporter's last in his hand and refused to give it up. At last the reporter knew his errand, when the man explained he was forced to keep a "puller-in" on account of the competition. He said it cost him seventy-five cents a day for his "helper", who attends to the outside part of the business".

All along Baxter street the same system of forcing trade is practiced. No one are made by the men on the sidewalk, but it is their duty to see that no one is allowed to escape from the store. On several occasions persons were caught in the doorway and forced back again into the store. Now and then a fight occurs in the stores, when the "puller-in" is summoned to take care of the man. In the case of Michael Wing, who had an encounter with the man in front of No. 18½ Monroe, he received a stroke and had his coat torn. It is a frequent occurrence to have his collar and necktie or the buttons of his coat torn off while struggling to avoid trying on clothing. The whole business is carried on by persuasion at first and then by force. The traders rely upon impressing their victims with the cheapness of the goods, and after putting the clothes on them refuse to give back the old suit, and in this way frighten a great many people into buying what they never needed or wanted.

The custom of "pulling-in" is not confined to Baxter street nor to men alone. The same business methods are practiced with great success on Division, Grand, Canal, here the players in the game are women, and they work for milliners. The whole east side of the city between Chatham, Catherine street and Market is given up almost entirely to bonnet-makers, and every one has its "puller-in" before it, gaudily working what she may devour.

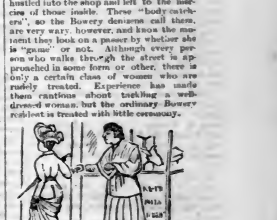
"They are a curious-looking set, these female 'pullers-in,' they represent almost every age and nationality under the sun. The woman who walks along the street in front of a store must have a strong mind and a stronger arm to resist the prowess of these "pullers-in'." Very few pass through the gauntlet without leaving some of their money in the shops. The business has been so long established that it has been reduced to a science. Many of the women have grown gray in the service, but there are always on hand a number of fresh girls in training, learning the tricks of the trade.



A DEMONSTRATION OF MILLINERY.

In front of one door, hall way up the street, a child, who could hardly have been more than twelve years old, stood out in the cold all day yesterday and attacked the passers-by in a manner which did credit to her teachers. At a distance of a few feet up another little girl stood shivering beside her companion, who was giving her lessons in the business.

Before another door an old woman, who had resisted the enticements of half a dozen solicitors below, was loudly arguing with a lively Italian, who would not take "No" for an answer. The solicitor stood on the steps, and the woman, the "puller-in" gained the day, however, and, almost before the victim knew it, she was hustled into the shop and left to the mercies of those inside. These "body catchers", so the Bowery denizens call them, are very wary, however, and know the moment they look on a passer by whether she is "game" or not. Although every person who walks through the street is approached in some form or other, there is only a certain class of women who are followed and literally hustled into the shops. These women are cautious about tackling a well-dressed woman, but the ordinary Bowery resident is treated with little ceremony.



A DISMAL STRAIT. "PULLED-IN".

The "body-catchers" occasionally make a mistake, however, and lay hold of a well-to-do looking woman, plainly dressed in black, passed the Millinery row on her way to the Church of the Redemption. The first "puller-in" she came across approached her a little cautiously, and met with no response. The second undaunted by the other's failure, became a trifle more attentive, while the third grasped her by the arm and actually began to lead her into a door. The woman became frightened, and ran back down the street. Meeting an officer a few blocks away, she complained to him, and had the "puller in" arrested. The next morning the stranger appeared before Justice Duffy, and the "puller in" was fined ten dollars for disturbing the peace. This was a rare exception, however as in most cases the prosecutor has to take the trouble to go to court. The officer on beat yesterday on Division street said that this annoyance on the part of the people to whom he talked to complain of the women in the person that the nuisance can not be abated.

These women recognize the fact that the police can not touch them while remaining within the limits of their doorsteps, and when the officer is in sight they are very careful to not go beyond bounds. But they have to be on the alert for the police, and the moment he has turned the corner word is signaled all along the line and they indulge in a general grab at the passers-by, not at random. Besides the street mentioned above, only one other has been made to secret service. A number of girls are said to be strolling down the street, looking into the shop-windows, when she became the home of conversation between the rival "body catchers" and was nearly torn to pieces in the struggle. One of the women in the excitement of the moment slapped the other in the face. The young girl who was the cause of the quarrel escaped and an officer arrested the "pullers-in" and put an end to the fight. Generally, however they work with the greatest harmony, and a traveler runs the gauntlet from one to the other without causing jealousy.

From eight o'clock in the morning till eight at night they stand, while making a reduction on all of them. He tried on one hat after another and called attention to the great bargains offered. During this time he told the reporter's last in his hand and refused to give it up. At last the reporter knew his errand, when the man explained he was forced to keep a "puller-in" on account of the competition. He said it cost him seventy-five cents a day for his "puller-in", who attends to the outside part of the business".

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HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

One Dollar Year. Always in Advance.

Entered at the Hazel Green Postoffice as second-class mail matter.

SPENCER COOPER, : : EDITOR.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.:
WEDNESDAY.....FEB. 17, 1886.

Democratic Ticket.

(Election Tuesday in August, 1886.)

For Circuit Judge 18th District,
JOHN E. COOPER.
For Commonwealths Attorney,
Col. L. M. DAY.

County Judge—G. B. SWANGO.
County Attorney—J. C. LYKINS.
County Court Clerk—DAVID HOGG.
Sheriff—G. T. CENTER.
Circuit Court Clerk—W. J. ELKINS.
Assessor—W. G. W. CRUEY.
Jailer—GEO. W. DRAKE.
Surveyor—H. BURNS KASH.
Coroner—FIELDEN COX.
County School Supt.—JOHN M. ROSE.

Breathitt Announcements.

We are authorized to announce B. M. COMBS a candidate for the office of Surveyor of Breathitt county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock died suddenly Tuesday, the 9th inst., at his headquarters on Governor's Island, from a slight bruise on the back of his neck. His funeral took place at Norristown, Pa., on Saturday, February 13th. The following gentlemen acted as pall-bearers, Hon. Thos. A. Bayard, Secretary of State; Gens. Sherman, Sheridan, W. B. Franklin, W. F. Smith, J. H. Fry, A. H. Berry, John Newton, Nelson Miles, F. A. Walker, Mr. B. M. Hartshorne, Col. W. P. Wilson and Maj. W. D. Miller, the two latter being Aides-de-Camp of the deceased during the late war.

Winfield Scott Hancock was born February 14th, 1824, in Montgomery county, Pa. He graduated at West Point in 1844, and served mostly on frontier duty till 1846, and afterward in the Mexican war. He was brevetted as first lieutenant for gallant conduct in the battles of Contreras and Cherubusco.

From 1848 to 1850 he was again on frontier duty in various parts, and from 1850 to 1861 was quartermaster of the Southern district of California.

At the breaking out of the civil war he was recalled to Washington and was made brigadier general of volunteers September 23, 1861. During the Peninsular campaign he was especially conspicuous at the battles of Williamsburg and Frazier's farm. He took an active part in the subsequent campaign in Maryland at the battles of South Mountain and Antietam.

Having been made major general, he commanded a division at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. On July 1, 1863, the first day of the battle of Gettysburg he was sent by Gen. Meade to decide whether a decisive battle should be given them, or whether the army should fall back. He decided it was the place to fight, and took immediate command till Gen. Meade's arrival. In this battle's action of July 3 he commanded the left center, which was the main point assailed by the Confederates, and was severely wounded. For his conduct at Gettysburg he received (May 30, 1866) the thanks of congress.

Being disabled by his wound, he was on sick leave until March, 1864, but kept engaged in recruiting the second army corps, which was placed under his command. He took the active command of this corps at the opening of the campaign of 1864, and bore a prominent part in the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House and North Anna, the second battle of Cold Harbor and the operations around Petersburg until June 19, when, his wound breaking out, he was for a short time on sick leave.

He afterwards resumed command and was in several engagements until November 26, when he was called to Washington to organize the first corps of veterans.

After the close of the war he was placed successively in command of the middle department (1865-6), the Department of Missouri (1866-7), of Louisiana and Texas (1867-8), of Dakota (1870-2), and on the death of Gen. Meade, in November, 1872, of the Department of the East.

In the Democratic National convention at New York in July, 1868, he was a candidate for the presidential nomination, but Horatio Seymour was nominated.

In 1880 he was again a candidate for the presidency, and was nominated at the Democratic National convention, held in Cincinnati, with W. H. English for vice-president, but this ticket was defeated in the following November. Since that year until his death Gen. Hancock has lived a quiet and unostentatious life at his headquarters at Governor's Island, near New York City.

The last occasion he was prominently before the public, was when he was called upon to take entire charge of the funeral obsequies of Gen. Grant.

The Kentucky Legislature seems determined to keep Eastern Kentucky's interests in the far away future. The act establishing the Geological Survey, the most useful of all State bureaus, has been repealed in the Senate by a vote of 20 to 5. At a time when the world was just beginning to recognize the fact that we have unlimited resources—when capitalists were devising means of reaching these resources—the bureau must be abolished and its work unfinished. And for what reason, pray? If economy be the plea for this action, the Kentucky Legislature should have voted a reduction of its salary to say one-half. One thing is certain, the Geological Survey has cost less and been of more benefit than a dozen Kentucky State Senates. We hope to see the House show more sense than to repeal this bill, and pray them for the people of this country to sit down on the action of the Senate.

Contrary to what many people would suppose, Gen. Hancock died a poor man, and his friends in New York have started a subscription fund to be presented to Mrs. Hancock. Mr. Tilden subscribed $1,000; Wm. R. Grace $500, and others $250 each. In Philadelphia, George W. Childs and A. J. Drexel gave $1,000 each, coupling their gifts with the promise of "more if necessary." The necessity for this action is explained by the free giving of Gen. Hancock to all the distressed who called upon him.

Ex-Gov. Horatio Seymour died at his home, Utica, N. Y., on Friday night last. He had filled many high stations with eminent ability, and was an honest, conscientious public man.

The indications now are that the House will sit down on the Senate bill repealing the Geological Survey, and they will do a powerful good work when they do so.

Breen's Liniment is certainly the best combination of remedies for corns, neuralgia, pains in the back and side, etc., ever produced.

J. T. & F. DAY, Hazel Green,
D. D. LANDSAW, Stillwater,
CASSIDY & ROBINSON, Campton.

THE NEWS.

KENTUCKY.

John W. Breathitt, Jr., was shot in the abdomen and probably fatally wounded by W. Piper Wilson, on the 9th at Hopkinsville. The young men were generally on good terms. When the shooting occurred Breathitt was standing in front of grocery store, on Nashville street, and unarmed. Mr. Wilson, who was passing with a target gun, which he fired with out taking aim, when numbers were standing on the street, and passed on thinking no one hurt. The ball entered Mr. Breathitt's abdomen, and at this time he is not expected to recover. Mr. Wilson appeared on examination with remorse, and declared that he had no intention of wounding any one. Mr. Breathitt is a son of the County Clerk and brother of Representative Breathitt.

The Commonwealth: Kentucky needs a million dollars to pay outstanding claims and carry her through the present financial pinch, and yet is inhibited from borrowing a dollar. This is one good feature in the generally-out-of-date Constitution. There is nothing to do but economize; but who will commence the work of economy, and how?

The Richmond Register learns that Easter will fall on April 25, this year—the first time it has been so late in 133 years. March 22 is the earliest date that it can appear—on Sunday after the first full moon following 21st of March. It will not again fall on the 25th of April until 1943.

Jesse Jones, a wood hauler of Bath county, was knocked down and robbed of $50, at the State bridge near Owingsville on the 8th inst. Smith Goodpaster and his son Brack were recognized by Jones as his assailants and the sheriff is hunting them.

Versailles is now in the midst of one of the greatest religious revivals ever held there. The revival is not in the interest of any one denomination, but the result of a united effort upon the part of all Christains.

The Commonwealth: The Frankfort Yeoman says the State-house will last fifty years longer. That is good news. Let consideration of the demand for a new State-house be postponed for fifty years.

Capt. S. M. Boone, of Somerset, has entered suit for $100,000 damages in the Boyle Circuit Court against Editor F. M. Green, of the Richmond Register, for libel.

Richard Bakrow, a Louisville drummer, has been found guilty of abducting a woman at Shreveport, La. The offense is punishable by confinement in the State prison for not more than five years.

The Louisville Typographical Union adopted resolutions protesting against the system of awarding the public printing of the State to the lowest bidder.

Harry Anderson's receipts in Cincinnati last week were $9,260. She gave but four performances, averaging $2,315 each performance.

The share of this State in the distribution of money to the colleges, as proposed by the Blair bill, will be $4,316,900.

Samuel Thompson, a Ballard County man, had his skull crushed by Alex Slater in New York.

LEGISLATIVE.

Mr. Tanlbee has obtained leave to have considered a bill in regard to the repeal of laws relating to sale of liquors in Magoffin county. Passed. Also, a bill making navigable Brush Fork of Blain Creek in Lawrence county. Passed.

The Sate Senate has passed a bill, by a vote of 25 to 6 providing that wife-beaters shall de punished at the whipping post, the wife to be a competent witness against the husband.

The Georgetown Times thinks somebody would confer a very great favor on the Kentucky Legislature by informing the august body what to do with the State convicts.

The Pleuro-pneumonia bill was amended and passed in the House. It now goes back to the Senate for its concurrence of the amendments.

The Senate adopted unanimously, a resolution providing for the election of a Public Printer and Binder next Thursday.

Petitions protesting against the repeal of the Geological Survey are pouring in to the General Assembly from all quarters.

GENERAL.

Miss Lula Hurst, the electric girl who made such a sensation in York and Wall over a year ago, is now a student in Shorter Female College at Rome, Ga. Miss Lula was a poor country girl who discovered by accident that she could tumble a man out of a chair by merely touching it. Her father who is a hard, unsentimental man, at once put her on the road, and returned in a year with $100,000. Last week he entered his famous daughter in the college there.

Rev. Sam Jones, the great evangelist and divine, recently delivered an open newspapers, and remarked: "The most beautiful sight in the world is to see a family around a cheerful fire, with the head of the family reading his local newspaper, which he has paid for in advance." Sam should have also drawn on the fiery furnace for the picture of a man who never pays for his paper.

The bill appropriating $500,000 for the extension of the benefits of the Signal Service to farmers by means of signals displayed at the railroad stations, has been favorably reported to the House Committee on Agriculture, in Congress, by the sub-committee having that subject in charge.

The citizens of Jeffersonville, Ind., are organizing a Law and Order League for the purpose of driving out the gamblers who now infest that locality.

A man must pay $2,380 for the privilege of selling liquor in Columbia, Mo.

Natural gas has been found near New Albany, Ind., at a depth of 280 feet.

Ex-Governor Seymour, of New York, is dangerously ill.

LOOK HERE.—Read this, please—We have carried slow customers until we are loaded down, and it is impossible to continue to credit those whose notes and accounts are past due. We must have pay from you, and will take live stock at its value on notes and accounts. Do not call for credit, even if you are good, if you are owing us and have not settled. We mean what we say. J. T. & F. DAY.

A Latent Source of Wealth.

[Louisville Commercial.]

Only five years ago a report of the Pittsburg Chamber of Commerce on the elements of prosperity of that city devoted much space to "the unique coke-making regions of western Pennsylvania, a district which like the coal regions of other State, can not find duplication in the world." At that time the Pennsylvania coke was a commercial fuel sought by iron-founders and manufacturers throughout this country, and the supposed monopoly in its supply encouraged Pennsylvanians to believe themselves forever safe from competition in a great source of wealth and profit. But the Connellsville coke has found a rival already in the Elkhorn region in Kentucky. The presence in the Connellsville coke of ninety per cent. of fixed carbon was boasted of at length in the Pittsburg report. Now comes a competent authority to the effect that the Kentucky coke contains "a percentage of fixed carbon somewhat more than ninety-six" This is from John J. Stevenson, Professor of Geology in the University of New York City. As for sulphur, which is undesirable in iron manufacture, the Connellsville coke contains nearly eight-tenths of one per centum. While the Elkhorn product yields less than five-sigthths.

The Pitsburg report expresses the opinion that the discovery of another deposit of coking-coal identical with that of Pennsylvania "would be worth untold millions," but expresses with gratification that all efforts in this direction "have been in vain." Thanks to the Geological Survey of Kentucky, it has been developed that this State is able to discount by far the Connellsville supply of coaking-coal. There can be no doubt that the grade is identically the same, and the area of the deposit is much greater in Kentucky than in Pennsylvania. This Elkhorn coal covers an area of fifty miles long, by from fifteen to twenty-five miles wide, from the northern face of Pine Mountain, and runs over portions of Pike, Letcher, Harlan, Leslie, Breathitt, Floyd, Knox, and Perry counties. It is yet undeveloped.

The Connellsville region was opened in 1865. To-day it has nearly 13,000 coke-ovens, a capital of over $12,000,000 in employment to 6,500 men and produces 8,500,000 worth of coke per annum. What has been done in Pennsylvania may be repeated in Kentucky, especially as we have here immense deposits of iron ores contiguous to the coking-coals. How this may be done it has been one of the objects of the Geological Survey to point out. Is the Legislature ready now to put a stop to this work?

Breen's Liniment is pronounced by all who have used it to be the greatest remedy for rheumatism, sprains, cuts, bruises, etc. Sold by

J. T. & F. DAY, Hazel Green,
D. D. LANDSAW, Stillwater,
CASSIDY & ROBINSON, Campton.

Lotthe Good Work be Continued.

[Louisville Commercial.]

The abolition of the Geological Survey and Immigration Bureau at Frankfort would leave the State without any agency for answering the many requests which are made for information concerning Kentucky's advantages. The coal and iron and timber in the State can not stand up and call attention to itself. Much of it lies among the people who scarcely know of its value, and who do not know how to call attention to it. The State has lands and minerals to sell, and it must have agents to go out into and attract attention from the outside. The Geological Survey, in the various phases of its work, has done good service in this respect, and it ought to be continued.

Breen's Liniment removes knots and all enlargements in horses or other stock. No cure no pay. Sold by

J. T. & F. DAY, Hazel Green,
D. D. LANDSAW, Stillwater,
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J. P. ROGERS, WITH
SHIPLEY, DOISY & CO.,
DRY GOODS,
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CINCINNATI, : : OHIO.

AYER'S
Ague Cure
IS WARRANTED to cure Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, Dengue (or "Break-bone" Fever), Liver Complaint, and all diseases arising from malarial poisons.

"Harpers, S. C., July 9, 1884.
"For eighteen months I suffered with Chills and Fever, having Chills every other day. After trying various remedies, I recommended to cure, I used a bottle of Ayer's Ague Cure, and have never since seen a chill.
EDWIN HARPER."

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

SAVE YOUR MONEY AND BUY YOUR GOODS CHEAP FROM
A. M. NICKELL,
DAYSBOROUGH, KY.

KENDALL HOUSE,
CORNER MAIN AND PRESTONSBURG STS.,
WEST LIBERTY, KY.
Mrs E. C. Kendall, - Proprietress.

The table is supplied with the best the market affords. Experienced hand in charge of stable. Charges reasonable.

W. T. DAY,
Marshal and Coneral Detective,
MAYTOWN, KY.,

Will attend to ferreting out criminals in any part of the country, and guarantees satisfaction in every case where employed.

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

HEADACHE
POSITIVELY CURED.

Thousands of cases of sick and nervous headache are cured every year by the use of TURNER'S TREATMENT. Mrs. Gen. Augustus Williams, of Parsons, Kas., who was appointed by the governor and State of Kansas lady commissioner to the World's Fair at New Orleans, says: "TURNER'S TREATMENT completely cured me, and I think it has no equal for curing all symptoms arising from a disordered stomach or from nervous debility. For female complaints there is nothing like it."

To the Women!

Young or old, if you are suffering from general debility of the system, headache, backache, pain in one or both sides, general lassitude, bearing down pains in the abdomen, flashes of heat, palpitation of the heart, smothering in the breast, fainting sensations, nervous debility, coughing, neuralgia, wakefulness, loss of power, memory and appetite or weakness of a private nature. We will guarantee to cure you with from 1 to 3 packages of the treatment. As a uterine tonic it has no equal.

Nervousness!

Whether caused from overwork of the brain or impoverished blood, speedily cured by TURNER'S TREATMENT. In hundreds of cases one box has effected a complete cure. It is a special specific and a sure cure for young or middle-aged men and women who are suffering from nervous debility or exhausted vitality, having dimness of sight, aversion to society, want of ambition, &c. For

DYSPEPSIA!

Strengthening the nerves and restoring vital powers this discovery has never been equaled. Ladies and gentlemen will find TURNER'S TREATMENT pleasant to take, sure and permanent in its action. Each package contains over one month's treatment. The TREATMENT, with some late discoveries and additions, has been used for over 30 years by Dr. Turner in St. Louis, in private and hospital practice.

PRICE TURNER'S TREATMENT, PER PACKAGE, $1; three packages $2, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Thousands of cases of the cases mentioned above have been cured with one package, and knowing as we do its wonderful curative effects, the TREATMENT having been used in private practice for over 30 years in St. Louis, we will give the following written guarantee: With each order for 3 boxes, accompanied by $2, we will send our written guarantee to refund the money if the TREATMENT does not effect a cure. Send money by postal note or at our risk. Address E. L. Blake & Co., Sixth and Market Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

BOONEVILLE
Normal Academy,
BOONEVILLE,
OWSLEY COUNTY, - KENTUCKY

A School for Teachers.

A. SANDERS, Principal.

MISS NANNIE FISHER, graduate, 1881
" ALLIE SANDERS, " 1883.
" BIRDIE SANDERS, " 1884.

TEACHERS CAN ENTER AT ANY TIME.

THIRD TERM commences Jan. 27, 1886, and the Fourth Term commences April 5th, 1886.

TEACHERS' TERMS—Third and Fourth. TUITION $10.00 PER TERM.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE, free.

CHICAGO
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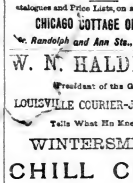
Has attained a standard of excellence which defies competition or other stock. It contains every improvement that inventive genius, skill and money can produce.



OUR AIM IS TO EXCEL.

EVERY ORGAN WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

These Organs are celebrated for volume, quality of tone, quick response, little trouble, beauty in finish, perfect construction, making them the most desirable organs for homes, schools, churches, lodges, societies, etc.

ESTABLISHED REPUTATION.
UNEQUALED FACILITIES,
SKILLED WORKMEN,
BEST MATERIAL,
COMBINED, MAKE THIS
THE POPULAR ORGAN

Instruction Books and Piano Stools.

Catalogues and Price Lists, on application, FREE.

CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN CO.
Randolph and Ann Sts., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. N. HALDEMAN,
President of the Great
LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL CO.
Tells What He Knows of
WINTERSMITH'S
CHILL CURE.

OFFICE OF THE COURIER-JOURNAL, LOUISVILLE, Dr. Wintersmith, Dec. 1, 1885.

Sir: I waive a rule I have observed for many years, the value of your remedy prompting me to say, at your request, what I know of your Chill Cure. The private assurances of its efficacy I had, and the good results of its use and observed on Mr. R. W. Meredith, who, for more than fifteen years, has been foreman of my office, induced me to test it in my family. The results have been entirely satisfactory. He first used it for two years' standing, in which I believe every known remedy had been tried with more or less—the chills returning periodically and seemingly with increased severity. Your cure broke them at once, and there has been no recurrence of them for more than six months. The other case was of a milder form, and yielded more readily to other remedies; but the chills would return at intervals, until your medicine was used, since which time, now several months, they have entirely disappeared. In no instance have I ever had to judge, (for me) hesitate to express my belief that your Chill Cure is a valuable specific, and perform all you promise for it. Very respectfully,

W. N. HALDEMAN.

J. T. PIERATT,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.,
BLACKSMITH,
Makes and repairs all kinds of Farming Tools, Buggies and Wagons.
Horse Shoeing will receive especial attention.

THE ARKANSAW TRAVELER.

The most refined and most popular of all the humorous journals,

Eight Pages, Forty-Eight Columns.

Of the choicest Original and Selected matter every week.

PRICE, $2.00 A YEAR, POSTAGE PAID TO ANY ADDRESS.

SPECIAL OFFER.

By special arrangement with the publishers of this paper, THE ARKANSAW TRAVELER will be clubbed with THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD for $2.50, thus offering an opportunity to secure both papers for little more than the price of one. This is a rare offer. Take advantage of it at once. Sample copies of THE ARKANSAW TRAVELER will be mailed on application.

☞We also furnish the two large and splendid Colored Engravings, "THE ARKANSAW TRAVELER" and "THE TURN OF THE TUNE," which, together with the original story of the "Arkansaw Traveler," as told by Col. "Sandy Faulkner, will be mailed to any address on receipt of 40 CENTS; postage stamps taken. These pictures are NOT given as premiums, but are mailed, post-paid, only on receipt of price. Address READ & BENHAM, Publishers, Little Rock, Ark.

LOUIS STIX & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
Dry Goods
—AND—
NOTIONS
THIRD, RACE & UNION STREETS,
Cincinnati.

THE JOHN SHILLITO COMPANY,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
DRY GOODS
—AND—
CARPETING,
Race, Seventh & George Streets,
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C. W. SHIVELY,
Postoffice Campbellsville, Ky.,
WITH
Ambach, Burgunder & Co.,
CLOTHING,
17 and 19 Hopkins Place,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Happiness

results from that true contentment which indicates perfect health of body and mind. You may possess it, if you will purify and invigorate your blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. E. M. Howard, Newport, N. H., writes: "I have used it with much success in scrofulous humors. After using two bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, I

Found

great relief. It has entirely restored me to health." James French, Atchison, Kans., writes: "To all persons suffering from Liver Complaint, I would strongly recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was afflicted with a disease of the liver for nearly two years, when a friend advised me to take this medicine. It gave prompt relief, and has cured me." Mrs. H. M. Kidder, 41 Dwight st., Boston, Mass., writes: "For several years I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family. I never feel safe, even

At Home

without it. As a liver medicine and general purifier of the blood, it has no equal." Mrs. A. B. Allen, Winterpock, Va., writes: "My youngest child, two years of age, was taken with Bowel Complaint, which we could not cure. We tried many remedies, but he continued to grow worse, and finally became so reduced in flesh that we could only move him upon a pillow. It was suggested by one of the doctors that Scrofula might be the cause of the trouble. We procured a bottle of

AYER'S
Sarsaparilla

and commenced giving it to him. It surely worked wonders, for, in a short time, he was completely cured."

Sold by all Druggists.

Price $1; Six bottles, $5.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

LYTLE & CO.,
DEALERS IN
Boots and Shoes,
96 W. Pearl St.,
CINCINNATI, O.

G. H. DEAN, KITE & POLLARD,
Importers and Jobbers
— IN —
Queensware,
Glassware, &c.
N. W. cor. Pearl and Walnut,
Cincinnati, O.

HARD TIMES!

DOWN GOES THE PRICES.

We are now receiving another LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK of every variety of Goods to supply the demands of all our customers, at Wholesale and Retail, which we PROPOSE TO SELL FOR CASH, or exchange for Produce and Live Stock. We have often tried to establish a trade on a Cash basis, but have as often failed. We have also notified our friends and customers of the DISASTROUS EFFECTS OF THE CREDIT SYSTEM, and our intention to reform our business, but little attention has been given to what we have said. Now we intend to establish upon the ruins of the old credit system a STRICTLY CASH BUSINESS, which will enable us to sell you goods

Cheaper Than You Have Ever Bought Before.

We, in particular, invite the attention of RIVER MEN and others to our large stock of CLOTHING, DRY GOODS, &c., &c., which we are offering at special low prices for cash.

To all of our customers having accounts due, we must earnestly solicit to come forward and make settlements. To owe it to us to do so as well as to yourselves as honorable men.

We will sell you goods cheaper than you have ever bought them before; we can better afford it, because we will take no risk on time. Respectfully,

J. T. & F. DAY.

CELESTINA! PERFECTION AT LAST!

THE LATEST AND Greatest Success IN AUTOMATIC Musical INSTRUMENTS Of the Age.

CATALOGUES FREE.

EMILY TRIPP, AGENT FOR "OPERA" PIANO
And dealer in ORGANS and all kinds of Musical Goods.
519 Fourth Avenue, Louisville, Ky.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT
THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.
FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

IT CURES Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sinking at the Stomach, Hoarseness, Influenza, Rocking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Chilblains, Kidney Diseases, Sore Throat, Colic, Frosted Feet, Kidney Troubles, and Kindred Diseases. Pronounced by Physicians to be the Best Pain Remedy Ever Known.

PARSONS' PILLS
MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of diseases. The information around each box is worth the price of the pills. Find out about them and you will always be thankful. One pill each night. Price 25c. per box. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. 3 1-4 lb. pkgs. $1.00. Sheridan's Condition Powders are worth a dollar a box. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. 3 1-4 lb. pkgs. $1.00. Six cans by express, prepaid, for $5.00.

MAKE HENS LAY

Saw Mill for Sale

I have a saw mill which I wish to sell, including a (10) TEN-HORSE ENGINE.

The saws are 32 and 36 inches respectively.

The large is the DISTON CHISSEL-BIT, and the Mill a No. 1 STANDARD GAGE, SCOTT & CO.

Address

J. W. DEJARNETT,
P. O. Box 502, PARIS, KY.

NEW BUGGY WORKS,
MT. STERLING, KY.

Conroy & Shore,

Keep on hand BUCKBOARDS and SECOND-HAND BUGGIES, and Repair and Paint all kinds of work.

SIGN PAINTING

Will receive Mr. Shore's special attention. Give us a call. CONROY & SHORE.

F. McGUIRE,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.,
Stands at the head of Low Prices, with everything you want in

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
Boots, Shoes, Hats, Clothing,
GROCERIES, HARDWARE, DRUGS,
FLOUR, BACON, &c.

The money is what I want, and I will give GOOD GOODS FOR A DOLLAR IN CASH than any other house in town.

Country produce taken in exchange for goods. F. McGUIRE.

FRANK TYLER,
BLACKSMITH,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.,

☞Horse Shoeing a Specialty. Buggies, wagons, and sleds of Farm Tools made and repaired in the best manner.

Valuable Farm for Sale!

I offer for sale the farm known as the Holderby place,

Containing 423 Acres,

lying one-and-a-quarter miles below Hazel Green, on the state road. This farm has on it

A Good 2-Story Frame Dwelling,

containing 5 rooms besides kitchen and dining room. There is a good well of fine water, and fine springs which yield an abundance of pure stock water; an orchard of 65 bearing apple trees of assorted winter and summer fruit, young and thrifty; good barn and out-buildings, about 100 acres of bottom land in good state of cultivation, 60 acres of which is now in corn, 40 acres of improved tame grass, and the remaining 263 acres timbered, of which 163 acres is covered with very finest oak and poplar—soil rich and productive, and unincumbered with

Fine Bituminous Coal.

Price—$4,500—½ cash, and remainder in one and two years. Possession given at once on reasonable terms. Persons desiring to purchase can call on H. C. Herndon or W. G. Mize at Hazel Green, or the undersigned at Stanton, Powell county, Ky.

May 27, 1885. I. W. MAPEL.

GREENWADE HOUSE,
FRENCHBURG, KY.
DR. GEO. W. MOORE, PROPRIETOR.

☞The table is supplied with the best in the market, and the charges are reasonable.

Hazel Green Academy.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

The Trustees of this institution have again secured the services of Prof. N. B. HAYS, and the third term will commence AUGUST 21ST, 1885, and continue ten (10) months.

Hazel Green is the most desirable location in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky, and noted for the advantages it has in Sunday-schools, churches, temperance, society, and health.

This school presents advantages which are not equalled in the State in many particulars, and it is confidently believed will work a good to our country which will be felt.

Terms reasonable for both tuition and board. For terms, &c., apply to

Prof. N. B. HAYS, Principal.

USE
Vegetable Sicilian
HALL'S HAIR
RENEWER.

It is a medicinal preparation, and, at the same time, elegant and useful toilet article. Its action upon the scalp is healthful. It nourishes the glands which support the hair, and causes thin, dry hair to become thick, soft, and vigorous. It restores the color of youth to locks which have become faded with age or disease; and relieves and cures itching, caused by humors of the scalp. Dr. Georgs Gray, Nashua, N. H., writes: "It gives me pleasure to testify to the wonderful effects produced by Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, as observed by me in very many cases. IT WILL CERTAINLY RESTORE THE HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOR. It cleanses the head of dandruff, and leaves the hair soft, glossy, and beautiful." F. T. Sandheim, 1010 Spruce st., Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "After unwillingly trying a number of preparations to prevent my hair from falling out, and, realizing that I was fast becoming bald, I tried, as a last resort, Hall's Hair Renewer. I have used only four bottles of the Renewer, and am perfectly satisfied that it is the best preparation in the market for checking the falling out of hair, invigorating the hair roots, and promoting a new growth."

Buckingham's Dye
FOR THE
WHISKERS

commends itself to all who have occasion to use a dye for the beard or mustache. It will change gray, faded, or sandy whiskers, to a beautiful brown or black, as desired. The colors produced are natural and lasting. It cannot be washed off, contains no destructive ingredients, is cheap, safe, convenient to use, and effectual.

PREPARED BY
R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H., U. S. A.
Sold by all dealers in medicines.

E. J. ROGERS.
BLACKSMITH,
MAYTOWN, KY.,
HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY.
Will repair Farming Tools, Buggies, Wagons, &c. Makes plows, hoes, &c. Satisfaction guaranted in all cases.

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

One Dollar a Year, Always in Advance.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.:
WEDNESDAY.....FEB. 17, 1886.

☞Transient advertisements inserted at 75 cents per inch first insertion, and 25 cents an inch each subsequent insertion.

TIME TABLE

Kentucky and South Atlantic Railway,
(Standard time 22 minutes slower than Mt. Sterling time.)

No. 1 leaves Mt. Sterling at 7 A. M., arrives at Rothwell at 8.40 A. M.
No. 2 leaves Rothwell at 9 A. M., arrives at Mt. Sterling at 10.30 A. M.
No. 3 leaves Mt. Sterling at 1.40 P. M., arrives at Rothwell at 3.20 P. M.
No. 4 leaves Rothwell at 3.45 P. M., arrives at Mt. Sterling at 5.30 P. M.
No. 2 connects at Mt. Sterling with 11.05 A. M. and 1.57 P. M. trains on C. & O. railway for Lexington, Cincinnati and Louisville.
No. 3 connects at Mt. Sterling with 11.05 A. M. train on C. & O. from the East, and 1.36 P. M. train from Louisville and Cincinnati.
☞Tuesday county court day special leaves Rothwell on the 3rd Monday in each month at 7.30 A. M., arriving at Mt. Sterling at 9 A. M. Returning—leaves Mt. Sterling at 5 P. M., arriving at Rothwell at 6.30 P. M. Leaves Rothwell for Mt. Sterling at 5 P. M.
GEO. B. HARPER, Supt.

X If your paper has a cross-mark on it, before your name, your subscription is due, and you will oblige us by sending money at once. If the cross-mark is after the name, your subscription is paid to that year or issue, and you are respectfully requested to renew by sending $1.00 immediately. X

LOCAL NEWS.

Born—To the wife of W. L. James, on the 14th inst., a boy. Weight 14 pounds, Daniel.

Born—To the wife of G. W. Cox, on the 14th inst., a boy. Weight 15 pounds, John Fielden.

Rev. W. L. Stamper is spending a few weeks with his family at Maytown, and resting from his labors.

S. A. Clark and W. B. Taylor, representing the North American Lightning Rod Co., are in town.

A postal from Capt. B. E. Roberts informs us that he is on the road and will be here in a few days.

We regret that the want of space forbids the publication of an interesting letter from J. W. Lykins, of Georgetown, Texas.

Miss Rosa Lee Kash, of this place, who has been confined to her bed for the last week with pneumonia fever, is but little, if any better.

Aunt Peggy Prater, living on Grassy, fell and caused a compound fracture of the ankle about ten days ago. Dr. Kash of this place is attending her.

Hon. D. S. Godsey, just before leaving for Frankfort, purchased a handsome saddle mare from Mr. John S. Tyler, of Tennessee, who has been visiting here. The price paid was $100.

John E. James, of Sideview, Montgomery county, sometime since rented the Swango Spring hotel at this place, with water privileges, and will soon move to it and take possession.

A small child of F. M. Nickell was brought to Dr. F. M. Thomas, of this place, to have a foreign substance removed from its nose. On careful examination it proved to be a grain of corn.

A new postoffice has been established in Bretahitt at the mouth of Frozen Creek on Kentucky River. John C. M. Day is the postmaster, and a better man for the place could not have been found.

L. C. Patrick, of this place, has rented 30 acres of land and a house from A. J. Wood, in Morgan, and will move to that place on March 1st. Calloway Cundiff has rented Mr. Patrick's residence here, and will move into it as soon as it is vacated.

J. G. Trimble, of Mt. Sterling, last Thursday purchased the farm of G. A. Whitner, near that place, lying on the Mayesville pike about half a mile from town, at $110 per acre. This is considered the finest farm in Montgomery county.

Our Gillmore correspondent says: "I am confidentially informed that Robert Lindon, of Johnson Creek, Morgan county, had a ewe to drop a lamb which died, and 14 days later she dropped another which is now living. Does not this take the rag off the bush, dash and all."

A gentleman who is just from West Liberty informs us that the timber men of Magoffin and Morgan counties have pooled their timber and are in a combination of the mill men of Farmers and Butler, and will float their timber to Newport in preference to selling it to them.

Unless THE HERALD is very much mistaken, the visitors to this place during the coming summer, attracted by the virtue of Swango Spring water, will be numbered by thousands. The indications from every point where THE HERALD is read, lead to this inference.

Emigrants and travelers will find Ayer's Sarsaparilla an effectual cure for the eruptions, boils, pimples, eczema, etc., that break out on the skin—the effects of disorder in the blood caused by scanty food or bad diet, no better or best medicine for everyone in the spring.

The beautiful Celestina advertised in THE HERALD will be presented to some subscriber, the lucky one to be determined by lot. Every new subscriber and every old one who renews for a year, will have an equal show. Several other fine presents will be distributed. Full particulars next week.

The following are the Louisville quotations for stock: Cattle—Good to extra shipping $4.50@4.75; light shipping $4.20@4.50; good to extra oxen $3.90@4.25; common and rough oxen $1.50@3; bulls $2@3. Hogs—Choice packing and butchers $4.15@4.30; fair to good butchers $4.05@4.10; light medium butchers $3.85@4; shoats $3.35@3.65.

We call special attention to the advertisement of Emily Tripp, of Louisville, Ky., which appears in this issue. This is one of the oldest and most reliable music houses in the Southwest. The Celestina is not one of the musical clap traps which are advertised in the Eastern papers, but is a genuine musical instrument of fine finish and great beauty, which will adorn any home, church or lodge.

PERSONAL.

W. C. Perkins, while at work on his farm on the 9th inst., in attempting to throw a heavy limb over a bank received a severe injury in the back, and on account of it has been confined to his bed ever since.

David S. Jackson, Samuel H. Jackson and Frank Fairchild, of Magoffin, and James C. Day, of Morgan county, have matriculated at Hazel Green Academy.

We are under obligations to G. H. Lacy, Judge Wm. Lusk and Dr. F. M. Thomas for timely assistance in getting out THE HERALD last week.

C. W. Howe, of Trimble Bros., arrived from West Liberty last Saturday morning, interviewed our merchants in the afternoon and left Sunday.

Floyd Day, of this place, left for Quicksand last Friday, where he will look after his timber and will go to Frankfort.

Joseph C. Lykins, Esq., and A. J. Asbury of Campton, were in town last Saturday, on professional business.

J. T. Day left Sunday morning for the mouth of Frozen Creek to look after his timber on the Kentucky River.

Mrs. Emily Lacy, of this place, has been confined to her room with rheumatism for two weeks past.

J. E. Browning, agent of Russell & Co., Massillon, Ohio, was in town Saturday.

Miss Sue Godsey, who was on the sick list, we are glad to say is up and well again.

We learn that John M. Rose, of Stillwater, is very sick with fever.

The competition force pump has no superior; also chain and suction pumps always in stock at B. F. RIDDELL'S, Mt. Sterling.

Religious Notes.

Rev. W.B. Cooper, of Jackson, reached this place last Friday on his return from a visit to his family in Lexington. Learning that the Kentucky River was away up above tide, he concluded that stock water would prevent his reaching White Oak, where he had an appointment for Sunday, and remained with us until Tuesday morning. At the solicitation of Rev. J. R. Kendall he preached in the Methodist Church Saturday night and Sunday morning. The subject of his first sermon was, "As new born babes, desire the sincere milk of the Word, that ye may grow thereby"—1st Peter, 2nd chapter, 2nd verse. On Sunday morning he chose for his text, "I am the way, and the truth and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me"—John 14th chapter 6th verse. There was an unusually large attendance on both occasions. Bro. Cooper treated the subject ably and earnestly, and the close attention manifested by every one present was a graceful compliment to the efforts of the speaker.

Rev. J. T. Pieratt has been holding a meeting in the Bush neighborhood, in the lower end of this county, and a postal from W. L. Bush to Judge Swango says: "We are having a good meeting. Bro. Pieratt has gained the good will of the people down here, and we are having a fine turnout."

The revival in the M. E. Church, at this place, continued since our last issue with unabated interest, the pastor, Rev. J. R. Kendall, being assisted by Revs. Isaac Murphy and W. B. Cooper. Great interest has been manifested throughout the meeting, and the people of all denominations have attended promptly.

On account of the illness of his daughter Rev. W. E. Wilmoth could not fill his appointment at this place last Sunday, but will preach here Thursday and Friday nights, and will go to Bethalem on Sunday.

Rev. D. H. Fallen will preach at the Christian Church in this place next Saturday night, Sunday morning and Sunday night, at the usual hours.

If you want a good job of tin, copper or sheet-iron work, call on B. F. RIDDELL, Main street, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

Our March Stock Sale.

The farmers in this section have promised to have 100 head of stock on the market at this place on the March sale day, which is Wednesday the 10th. Before that time, however, this number will be augmented to at least 1,000 head of stock, consisting of horses, mules and cattle of a superior quality. It will be a good time to dispose of stock, as there will undoubtedly be several hundred buyers from below to purchase. A Mr. Kash, of Mt. Sterling, who is a large horse and mule buyer, will be here, positively, and he has promised to bring several other buyers. Those who have stock to sell should begin now to get it ready for that day, for certain it is that good stock brings better prices than poor, and stock in fine condition will always pay for the trouble in getting it so. Stable, curry and rub your horses and mules, and your cattle also. A few hours time thus spent will pay better than the same time spent in any other way. Let each man make an effort to have the best conditioned horse, mule or steer here that day, as the case may be.

Drain pipe of all sizes and shapes can be found at B. F. RIDDELL'S, Main street, Mt. Sterling.

Piano Music.

It is a pleasure to notice such compositions as this elegant New March by the famous composer John Wiegand. It is certainly one of the most pleasing, spirited and showy marches we have seen for many a day, adapted for organ as well as the piano. The title page bears a fine portrait of the Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R., to whom it is dedicated. Young musicians or teachers would do well to order a copy at once. Price 50c., Sent post paid on receipt of price. John B. Phipps, brass and Sheet Music Dealer, Dunellen, Somerset county, New Jersey.

Send 50c. Mailed on receipt of price. Ign. Fisher, Publisher, Toledo, Ohio.

Will buy Wool, Ginseng, Hides, Eggs, &c., S. S. GAITSKILL, Mt. Sterling.

Accidentally Shot.

W. H. Wilson, of Red River, tells us that Dick Franklin, colored, living on the farm of S. H. Wilson, in Morgan county, near the Wolfe line, accidentally shot himself on Sunday, the 7th inst. He was sitting on a fence, with a 38-cal. pistol in his hand, when by some means it was discharged, the ball entering the right leg, just above the knee and penetrating under the kneecap. The ball was extracted by John B. Amyx, and the wounded man is getting along all right.

The Mitchell Wagon for sale at S. S. GAITSKILL'S, Mt. Sterling.

A New Paper.

We understand that C. F. Knowlton, of Cincinnati, will shortly start an independent newspaper at Stanton, to be called the "Powell County Journal." It will be a six column folio, devoted to the interest of Powell and adjoining counties, and the development of the resources of Red River. Fred Horton, who assisted us in getting out THE HERALD last fall in a time of need, will have charge of the mechanical department. Success to the enterprise.

WOLFE COUNTY.

CAMPTON, Feb. 13.—Noah Long, on the 9th inst. stabbed D. B. Spencer twice, inflicting one wound in the arm and the other in the side. Spencer's wounds are not considered dangerous. Long and Spencer are brothers-in-law, and have not been at a good understanding with each other for some time, and had agreed not to enter each other's premises. Spencer had a mare that had been breeching on Long and destroyed he considered the amount of his corn and fodder. On the morning of the difficulty Long found Spencer's mare in his corn field, and caught and tied her in his yard. Spencer came after her and entered the yard without saying anything to Long, who told him to take his mare home and keep her out of his corn, for she had destroyed very near one-field of corn. To which Spencer gave Long the d—d lie and run his hand in his pocket, and a bowie knife used in which Spencer received the two wounds. Your correspondent gleaned these facts from the neighbors of the two men. Long is in town under arrest, his trial being set for this afternoon.

Married—On the 11th inst., Mr. S. S. Shackelford, of Devil's Creek, to Miss Matilda Tutt, of Sarah Ann, at the residence of the bride's father, T. K. Tutt. Rev. J. H. Stamper officiated.

Married—On the 10th inst., Mr. G. W. Morris, of Powell county, to Miss Vicie Spencer, of this county, at the residence of the bride's father, Uncle Strong Spencer.

There is a good tide in the Kentucky River, and several men of this place, who are interested in the lumber business, are buoyant over the prospects.

Married—At the residence of the father of the bride, James McQuinn, on the 11th inst., Mr. James H. Halsey to Miss Martha McQuinn.

John Goff's two sons, of Clark county, are in our midst buying cattle. They are giving good prices for 2 and 3-year-old steers. SARNUM.

MORGAN COUNTY.

MAYTOWN, Feb. 11.—Rev. W. L. Stamper smiled on our town again last Tuesday. He was accompanied by Prof. Smalley, of Ironton, Ohio. The preacher looks well and I imagine that he has had plenty of "chicken and sich like" at Vanceburg. He says he has just closed a meeting at Vanceburg with 166 accessions to the church. He left for Campton this morning and, by the way, we learn that he will stop at Thos. K. Tutt's and join in the holy bonds of matrimony one Mr. Shackelford and Miss Tildie Tutt. May they have just enough shadows to soften the glories of the sun.

The news that E. Lawson, who was shot by Williams in Menifee county, was dead has proven to be false. He went to Uncle Bill Lawson that he would be at the Frenchburg court in March.

Thos. K. Tutt, one of Red River's good looking men, was in town last week. He reports things lively and plenty good-looking girls over with him.

H. Burns Kash, of your city, is a frequent visitor to our town of late. The girl seems to like "Kash" and we like cake. Hurry up Burns.

J. P. Power, of Salyersville, returned from Georgia last week. He stopped with his father-in-law, Capt. Wells, a day or two, and did not forget his girl.

We will soon have another store in town. Alonzo Clark, the proprietor, will have his house done by the 21st.

Elijah Lockhart, we learn, will move to town soon. He is a good citizen, and we welcome him here.

Leslie Swetnam went to court at West Liberty last Sunday. What did she say, Leslie?

M. A. Phillips and J. C. Day, were the guests of Marshal Day Tuesday night.

Mrs. Thomas Cox, who has been sick for some time, is convalescent.

Judge Amos Davis, of West Liberty, passed through town last week.

W. T. Day will attend the U. S. Court at Louisville.

Thomas M. Cannoy took in Ezel last week. ON THE ROAD.

WEST LIBERTY, Feb. 15.—Prof. G. D. Hyden's school of penmanship closed Thursday with an examination in that art, the examiners being E. F. LeMaster, W. B. Caskey and N. Jones Womack. The manner in which the pupils had improved reflected credit both to themselves and the teacher. Prizes were awarded to Jas. A. Waldeck and Joseph Johnson for superior improvement. After the examination a very interesting speech was delivered by E. F. LeMaster, and one also by the professor, after which the school was dismissed with prayer. Prof. Hyden is a fine scholar, an expert penman and a christian gentleman. His wonderful advice and counsel to his students are very highly appreciated by both young and old. His presence here is quite an acquisition to our little city.

Prof. J. M. Downing's school opened this morning with about 40 pupils in attendance. Our people are beginning to open their eyes to the importance of educating their children.

Mrs. M. W. Nickell, Mrs. A. D. Waldeck and Miss Lou Waldeck have been very sick but are convalescing rapidly.

Capt. C. H. Whitcomb and son Chris, of Bangor, have been visiting friends in our city, and returned home Friday.

Rebel Kendall left on last Thursday morning to attend the Agricultural and Mechanical College at Lexington.

P. L. Reese, general agent for the White Sewing Machine Co., spent several days in our town last week.

John B. Phipps left Saturday on a business trip to Louisville. He will remain several days.

Charley Howe, of Mt. Sterling, is registered at the Morgan House. CRICKET.

BREATHITT COUNTY.

JACKSON, Feb. 13.—We are having a large tide on the Kentucky River. The ice passed our wharf without doing much damage. But there will be but little timber and coal run on the present tide, as it has been so cold the people could not work.

The county court at its last term made an order vacating the office of sheriff of this county, on account of his not complying with the law in giving bond.

Bros. Demaree and Dickey have just closed a very interesting meeting. Much good has been done.

Brother Cooper has been absent since Christmas, and his flock are anxiously awaiting his return.

Prof. Hall, of Mt. Sterling, is here getting up a select school. I think he will succeed.

Willie Spencer is very low with fever. The Drs. Taulbee are attending him.

Dr. Wilson has rented the Al. Little property and moved in. RADFORD.

Died, at her home in Jackson, Breathitt county, Feb. 15th at 5.30 A. M. of heart disease, Mrs. Jane Combs, wife of Wm. M. Combs. She had been a sufferer for the last year.

VIRGINIA.

Yazewell Items for The Herald.

CEDAR BLUFF, Feb. 7.—Whew! "Encore," where did you "spring from?" I think you made a slight mistake in applying the term "ground hog" to me, for it is more applicable to yourself. You went into winter quarters so early that you thought it late spring when you came out. Now, "Uncle Remus," are you going to stand back and see your niece "bon-pecked" by any such a manner?

"On the Road," you are quite mercenary. Why did you remain silent so long? I knew you wanted something when I saw your name, but I give you Miss Vicie Gillespie's address with pleasure. It is Cedar Bluff, as above. I envy your "friend" his pleasure in corresponding with her.

C. G. Hurst, of Jeffersonville, arrived at Indian today, but will leave tomorrow, taking with him Miss Nannie Plummer. We are pleased to learn she will return to attend a wedding on the 25th, when the details of which will appear in our next.

R. F. Cecil has recently sold one mule for $80, 11 2-year-old cattle for $195, swapped a mule for a gray mare, swapped a black mare for a grey horse, then sold the horse for $100. He wants to know if all Kentucky can beat him trading.

The free term of Cedar Bluff Institute expired the 5th inst, but the "pay term" commences to-morrow. Several may drop out but it is hoped others will drop in.

Rev. J. W. Browning occupied the Methodist pulpit today at Union Chapel.

S. E. Carr, who has been attending school here, returned home Friday.

Miss Jennie B. Green returned to her home at Midway, last Friday.

Mrs. S. S. Steele was the guest of Mrs. R. F. Cecil last Tuesday. GARKEY.

Best Patent Flour, Shipstuffs, Salt, Seeds, &c., for sale at S. S. GAITSKILL'S, Mt. Sterling.

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Keeps Constantly on hand a Large and well-selected Stock of

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Insurance, in order to be reliable, must be guaranteed by successful and well-known corporations; the policies of doubtful or experimental companies being dear at any price. The best policies are always the cheapest. Insurers should select their companies as they would a banker, or a person who is to hold their funds in trust. Look to quality as the paramount consideration of insurance. Respectfully, A. HOFFMAN.

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GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

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Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Ready-made Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Queensware, Tinware, Hardware, Table and Pocket Cutlery, Groceries, Stoves, and Farming Implements.

In fact, everything usually kept in a first-class country store, and at BOTTOM PRICES. Also, will take in exchange for Goods, or in payment of any debt due me, all kinds of Country Produce and Live Stock of every description.

Swango Springs.

The Water of Life for Afflicted Humanity.

IRON IS KING.

These springs are located three-quarters of a mile from the beautiful town of Hazel Green. The water contains a larger percentage of iron than any other water known, hence it is the most valuable in the cure of disease—used internally or externally.

Among the many diseases which flesh is heir to, and for which this wonderful water is known to be a positive and permanent cure, are the following:

CONSTIPATION, DYSPEPSIA, SKIN DISEASES, SCROFULA, CATARRH, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, NERVOUSNESS, &C.

We append a few of the hundreds of testimonials which have been tendered as to the efficacy of this water in disease.

One lady writes: "I am so thankful to the Great Giver of all Blessings that I tried Swango Springs. Freely do I give all the time and money spent, for the benefit of health and strength I now enjoy."

A gentleman of Illinois says: I think the water of Swango Springs did me more good than all the nostrums I have ever tried. I will certainly be with you next season, spring."

REFERENCES—R. T. Smith, J. G. Trimble, P. L. Reese, Mt. Sterling, Ky.; F. M. Hinkle, Mrs. F. M. Hinkle, Wm. Clarke, Plum Lick, Ky.

A large hotel is now being built, which will afford ample accommodation to visitors. For further information in regard to board, &c., address HARRISON SWANCO, Or this office, Hazel Green, Ky.

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W. S. Dickinson & Co.,
The Old Reliable
HAT HOUSE,
Corner Pearl and Vine, Cincinnati, would here express their thanks for past favors to all their old customers, and still ask a continuance of their trade.
We always keep a good stock, and Uncle Jim Fant, with his good looks will at all times be ready to wait upon you.

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HAZEL GREEN - - KENTUCKY.

PICTURES ON THE PANES.

In cozy rooms a happy group looked at the forms and leaves,
Those graceful patterns which the frost' ap-on the window weaves;
Bright tones turned toward the panes with merry laugh-ter,
While some fancied those that curtained home in wintery whirls,
The eyes were wise, and as the fans and leaves slowly fell,
"How good is God to send us these! How beautiful!" they said.

Up up warm as stole bare, streaked by the wintry rains,
Four little children watched the frost elves' fantasies on the panes,
Then faced and cold, with shivering forms in rags and tatters clad,
With little in that room but these four figures and the fire,
Acquaint with hunger, grief and cold, the giddy, boards that floor,
"How harsh the fingers of the frost! How unwelcome!" they said.

Where southern palms waved stately forms above a city's street,
While in closeness to the ceaseless tread of and-eyed mourners met,
Where yellow fever worked for death, and marred its thousands with a grief-crazed group looked gladly at the first food on the pane,
Parched lips had panted for kindly frost to save, God be thanked for this, His gift! How wonderful!" they said.

Far up in frost-bound Northern lands where no eyes ever know
The softness of a balmy wind, the absence of the snow,
Four naked legs, a piteous group; fire, food and home all gone,
The last survivors of a crew who once passed proudly on,
They looked at frost-elves' dainty work and, knowing that the coming night would wield their chilling power to kill,
With breaking hearts at thought of home, "How pitiless," they said.

Up, lights and shadows intermit upon the frosted glass,
Or lights and shadows mark the lives which just as swiftly pass
Through pain and joys, which learn to smile, to struggle, to grieve,
Just as the messengers of fate their mystic patterns weave.

Oh, solemn thought, that life so to sadness turns to song,
That heartsease things to sorge in dread and mystic agony come,
Deep, tangled with thoughts too great for words, eternal love or pain,
May also mark a thing so small as a light pierces on the pane;
And intermingled with the forms, their airy beauties and scrolls,
A pattern just of change which marks the destiny of man.

—J. Edgar Jones, in Indianapolis Journal.

JIMMY AND THE DUKE.

A Very Natural Mistake and What Came of It.

Jimmy was ragged and dirty and alone, but no scion of royalty ever carried his head higher, or wore both hands in his trousers' pockets with more unconcern than did Jimmy that day. Well, if everybody else was riding on the beach—guess he'd had a clam-bake of his own that morning, and could give the best of 'em pointers on the management of a sail-boat any day. As for driving—hah! hadn't he been driving most of his own, and—"whew-w! if that isn't a turn-out, now!" and Jimmy stopped stock-still to gaze.

A second look told the whole story. "It's the Duke!" he exclaimed, in that tone of awe which every sovereign citizen of America uses when speaking of rank. "I heard he'd come to the beach and that's him, sure as fate. Well, if that ain't a clipper!"

Two coal-black horses in glittering harness dashed before the dainty road-cart, and were deftly driven by a rather bored-looking, blonde-whiskered young man in a cool, baggy coat and straw hat, while upon the slightly-raised seat in the rear was a most imposing elderly personage, in a spick and span suit of dark blue with gilt buttons, topped by a tall, rosated hat. Jimmy gave but one glance at the former, then turned to the other with wide, curious eye.

"It's the Duke, sure," he muttered. "Ma! sin't he a swell, though! Look's as if he'd growed round a tamrod, he's so stiff. Well, I b'lieve I'm glad I ain't one—he! there'd be a bust-up, sure," and Jimmy was off like a shot.

A "bust-up" indeed, for the gay horses shied fiercely at the sudden flapping of a sail spread out to dry, dashing the light cart over so far as to tip Jimmy's "Duke" to the ground. He came down rather heavily upon the clean sand, his gorgeous hat rolling to meet an incoming breaker; but the driver seemed too much occupied with his plunging horses to pay any attention to his aristocratic master.

A little surprised at his coolness and unconcern, Jimmy ran for the hat, and returned with his best bow, the "Duke" meanwhile brushing off the sand and muttering between his teeth:

"Bonced bumineky! Spoilt my trousers, I'll wager. Oh, thanks, boy, is it not hany?" referring to the hapless tile.

"No, sir, Mr. Duke, not at all," stammered Jimmy, rather at a loss for the proper formula to use, "was your ankle hurt?"

The Duke frowned, and muttering "Quit your chaff, now!" turned away, leaving Jimmy to feel decidedly repulsed.

The horses were quieted by this time, however, and their driver turned to ask, coolly:

"Hurt much, Millard?" (Jimmy thought he said "my lord.") "I'm afraid the wheel's disabled—what do you think?" gazing leisurely downward.

"Pretty cool!" thought Jimmy. "I spose these furrin swells are better trained; he acts and talks every bit as keerless as pa's hired man—didn't even jump out to help the Duke up, I swan! "Say, Mr. Conchy," he called aloud, "my pa's got a blacksmith-shop just on a ways—pr aps the Duke would like to go there and get that wheel mended, it's her only place anywhere within a mile, and—"

He stopped, for there was a queer expression on Conchy's face, which rather staggered Jimmy, a blank stare, succeeded by a sudden, brilliant, amused light in the hand some eyes, which was almost more than polite.

"Thank you, my boy," he responded, plea-santly, "that's a good suggestion; if I walk the horses I think we can keep the wheel on till we get there. Jump up here, and point out the way, will you?"

Nothing loth, Jimmy started forward, with a look toward the "Duke" for approbation, but that high and mighty personage had resumed his place and position, seemingly so oblivious of everything that the boy though:

"spose they never trouble him with small matters, but just fix 'em up all mean in the hall," and quickly mounted beside his new friend.

They rode in silence awhile, then, drawing a little closer, Jimmy whispered confidentially:

"If 'twant for the Duke, now, I could let you into a end of fun. It'll take pa's man all the afternoon to mend that wheel, and then, 's goin' to be a big wedin' close to our house—it's my cousin Wina's (Malviay, you know), and she's the prettiest gal in the country, I can tell you; see if she ain't! Wouldn't you like to go?"

Again that brilliant look.

"To be sure I would, and I will!" decidedly. "Are they going to dance?"

"Bet yer life. There's two fiddlers and a cordion man at the corner, and it's goin' to be in Vine's pa's new barn. Won't that be jolly?"

"Decidedly jolly!" laughed Conchy "But would it be good taste with the Duke?" pursued Jimmy, edging closer and dropping his voice to a whisper. We could fix him up a sort o' throne with grandpa's chair and the buffalo robe, and let him look on, I s'pose, if he would—but, you see, 'twould spoil all the fun—they'd be so scart at him that they wouldn't half dance, nor kiss the girls—nor nothin'—don't you see?"

"Yes," said Coachy, laughing outright, but checking himself suddenly. "Yes," I see—it is a dilemma!"

"Say!" with another hitch, "couldn't you get the old duffer back to the hotel, somehow, and then stay with me? There's swells 'most allers can ride horseback—now, we've got an old army saddle he could put on one of them horses, and seem sort of a favorite with him. Called you manager?"

"Well, I'll try," said Coachy, thoughtfully, in spite of the broad smile on his lips—a smile of satisfaction at the approaching pleasure, Jimmy felt sure—"I'll suggest it, at least; he's generally quite tractable."

"Do!" said the boy, "there's our shop, see?—the red one with the paint stood out, and that's our house down in the hollow. Vine lives up on that hill—see the barn? Ain't it a whopper? Best barn in the county, everybody says."

"Coachy" smilingly agreed with this modest opinion, and, bringing his horses to a sudden stop, sprang lightly to the ground, the "Duke" looking benignly with much celerity, and stepping along toward their heads.

"My boy," said "Coachy" quickly, "hold the horses, please. I wish to speak with—the Duke," adding the last words in a lower tone, and with a sudden smile.

The two men stepped aside, and Jimmy saw that "Coachy" seemed to be giving his highness some very good advice, for he, after nodding acquiescence, touching his hat in his stately, high-bred manner, and walking briskly away.

"I've fixed him," said "Coachy," turning to the boy. "He'll be only too glad to get back to the comforts of the hotel, and then, any boy. See it?"

The bored look was all gone now, while the laugh and tone which accompanied these words were as gay and frank as Jimmy's own.

"First, we'll have dinner," said Jimmy, with a business air, "and you'll eat at the first table, too—our way of men allers do. You ain't use to them at home, he you?"

"Coachy's" lips twitched so comically at this that Jimmy was afraid he had offended him, and hastened to add frankly:

"Not much loss, either, I'll bet. I'll bake to have to get up on solomon with that old prig, and mince and bow and chew an hour or every monthful. No siree! Give me a plate chuck full, pieceyer of clean sand, and a appetite before the train starts, and I don't ask no odds of any duke—do you?"

"No, I don't think I do, as hungry as I am now," was the spirited reply, and they passed into the house. Jimmy's introductions were original, at least, but he made the family understand who his new friend was, though upon asking for his name, the latter had said, lazily:

"Oh, call me Conchy, as you begin; it's as good a name as any," and Conchy he was for the rest of the day.

They sat down to dinner—"pa" and the hired man in shirt sleeves, and redolent of that honest brogue, accompaniment to toil promised to sinful man in the beginning; "ma," and Sallie in curl-papers and calico, but in spite of these the latter elicited more than one glance from the new-comer.

Her curl-papers were unobtrusive, but her calico was a dream of delicate pink and sweet, grave lips parting too seldom over the dainty teeth, like new corn in the ear, most assuredly were.

Her sad, listless manner and sober loveliness excited a feeling of tender curiosity in her vis-a-vis, who was, however, hungry enough after his ride in the sharp, salt air to enjoy his dinner, despite his sympathetic heart-twinges, and bravely "choked the baked pork and beans, boiled potatoes, "pa's" cabbage, pie, johnnycake, doughnuts and cheese which jostled each other on his capacious plate.

"S'e ther juke o' your u hes a sepr'rate ch fer every one of his victuals," interjected "Pa," giving his knife an instant's rest; "I 'least I've heerd say so. Wonder if them big-bugs usually thinks they has compartments in their stummicks? Pears so," he added, with the scorn at the Ducal and hardest of his order. Conchy only smiled meekly, eating the round of his trencher, and enjoying every mouthful with a zest that surprised him into silence.

In fact, no one said much—all were too busy—and in a remarkably short time the table was cleared and each left to his next affair without excuse or apology.

"Is your cousin Malvina prettier than your sister?" asked the visitor, in a careless tone as the new friends strolled toward the stables a little later.

"Prettier? You bet! She's got no end of fun in her, and the cheerfullest eyes you ever see. Sallie used to be pretty, too, but she's no good any more since Joe's gone away."

"Who's Joe?" asked Conchy, selecting a superb cigar from a case whose graven crest immediately caught Jimmy's quick eye.

"Hullo! What's that?" he asked, curiously.

"Oh, it's the Duke's," was the immediate answer. "I—I somehow came for him, and take a cigar for my trouble; it's heavy, you see."

"Knowed he was lazy, the old ooon," Jimmy said to himself, the contemptuous answer.

"Who's Joe? oh, her sweetheart—and a good fellow, too, I vow! But he hasn't been home for two years, and Sallie's with, and pa shipped him in short order. He's gone West now—gone to the mines to make his fortin', and Sal's waitin' for him. Pa and ma don't know it. They think she'll marry that old widower Peters, that owns the next farm, and he's got two of the hatefullest, reddest-haired youngsters you ever see. Sal ain't look at him. I know. My crickey! how mad that cigar smells!"

As Jimmy blew forth them at this big, new barn, looking in through the wide open door-way, the guest taking in the scene with the enjoyment both of a novice and an artist. The clean, wide, empty floor, the high-sided walls gayly draped with festoons of arbor vitæ, caught by huge, glowing masses of blood-red or rose-pink peonies, formed a novel stage, while the musicians' stand was improvised from the walls of the horse-stalls, with a few loose boards laid across, upon which sat the two fiddlers and the 'cordion-man, the latter calling off the swift changes of the lively music, which a half-dozen sets of rustic swains and maidens, led off by the blushing bride and groom, were gayly dancing below. All this, with the sparkling, laughing crowd of lookers-on without, their long, slant afternoon shadows blotting out the sharp sunshine, and its shine on the grass, formed a picture worthy of a Claude Lorraine. Conchy looked on eagerly, unmindful of Jimmy's impatient nudges and whisper—to the effect that "a bar'l of new sweet cider was bein' tapped out just 'round the corner," and at length, tipping Sallie, whose pink cheeks and her reverie, smiled, and frankly met his eyes as he led her to their place upon the improvised floor.

The afternoon passed rapidly away, a scene of careless merry-making and gay good humor to the uninstructed eye, but pregnant with dramatic situations to the initiated. What else was the meaning of Peters' grim frown and flashing eyes as he looked gloomily on while Sallie and her new friend danced, or talked in corners, apparently engaged in a most desperate flirtation; or the evident agitation of "pa and ma," who vainly tried to recall her to duty by the transparent hints and innuendoes? Even Jimmy, having had all the elder lore could swallow, was sick and sulky, and thought it "real mean o' Sal" to take up his company like that. As for the girl she had, for once, thrown off all restraint and given herself up to the impulse of the moment; for, though she could not tell how it happened, the third dance was not ended before she had poured her whole story into that stranger's ears, even treating him to a sight of Joe's last photograph, stuck-aubled in a locket about her fair neck. Then, in a burst of pride, uttered the information that the Duke was expecting soon to visit the very mines in question, as he had an interest there, and wished to make a quiet trip through that country.

"And oh! if you should see Joe," cried the sweet girl, with an upward look that molded her pretty face into "gave him my love, please, and tell him I'll never marry old Peters—*never!*"

They parted warmly, as became good friends with a secret between them.

"I'm so glad Jimmy brought you," she said, as he held her hand longer than was exactly necessary, out under a big lilac-bush, in the gloaming. "You've brought the real comfort, somehow, and I'll not soon forget it. It's lucky the Duke didn't come, though, for he would have spoilt it all—but how will you get home to the hotel?"

"Oh, Mil—the Duke, I mean—kindly promised to send the carriage for me, I presume it's waiting now at your gate. Well, I must go. Oh! here's Jimmy. Good-bye, and may the Lord bless you."

But the young man walked very slowly away, and looked back more than once, "to see the young girl standing still," waving his handkerchief to a friend and equal, while a handsome tall figure welled up from his very heart.

Jimmy heard it and frowned.

"Say, Coachy," he said, in grieved accents, "I think you've treated me mighty mean, that's all! And what's more, if I ever get a chance to tell Joe about Sal's actions I'm going to—so there! I want you to understand that my sister ain't a-goin' to run away with no coachman, if he does belong to a Duke, and you can just put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

Coachy gave him a glance that would have annihilated anything but an American boy, burst into a curt laugh, and then bit his lips into silence. "Jimmy," he said gently, after a pause, "when you're older you'll know more—but, while, here's something to help you enjoy yourself, while you're young," and slipping a big round coin into the young rebel's palm, he sprang into the cart, called out a gay good-bye and was driven rapidly away.

The astonished youth looked after the audacious and much-privileged servant with round eyes, which finally dropped to the piece of metal in his hand. He held it up to the gloaming light.

"It's gold," he whispered, excitedly, "and not a silver dollar, as I s'posed, and there's two X's on it. Jerusalem crickets! It's a twenty-dollar gold piece if it's a cent!"

Four months had passed away, and the farm-house in the hollow, crouched under its snowy coverlet, was safe, safe while away in the Western mountains men toiled as they could, and cursed the snow and the cold which prevented and hardened their desperate task of wresting from its hiding place that gold which to them meant home and, firesides, with the presence of loved ones now far away. Poor Joe, undaunted by fatigues and sufferings which would have driven stronger men to seek rest, still kept at work, sparing himself not the thought of a pair of dark wistful eyes which he knew were looking hopefully for him each day. But his time was very near, and hope seemed almost ready to desert him.

How could he be sure she was faithful after all, he thought gloomily true to home and love in the cheerless hut, with his pick-axe on his shoulder and his eyes on the ground. Such a pretty girl couldn't wait long for suitors, and—hello! what's that?

A long cry of "Hal-p!" came faintly from the gloomy, chanting ravine at his feet, but though he looked eagerly down he could see nothing. "Hello!" he cried back in a ringing voice, and the same cry, but fainter, came again: "Help! Hal-p!"

Using his clumsy pick-axe for an alpenstock, he crept cautiously down the rough declivity, calling out at intervals, and was following the sound of the crying call, until he reached a clump of bushes by a narrow trail or bridle-path, when the shadow lay a man, evidently sorely hurt.

Joe bent over him.

"Well, stranger, what is it?" he asked, in the careless tone of a man habituated to danger, but with a certain tender-ness not native to the ordinary miner.

"To be brief, I feel among thieves, and am about done for," said the wounded one, faintly. "There is a slab in my side—if you don't stop the blood I—"

He ceased abruptly, overcome with faint-ness, while Joe with ready skill soon found and staunched the wound with a part of the stranger's own garments; then, as he looked vaguely around, wondering what he would do next, the slow-laden bushes rustled and a figure crawled cautiously out at his very feet. One movement brought Joe's pickax to a ready position, and with the next it would have descended with crushing force on the crawler's skull, when his waining voice broke in:

"Don't 'it me, don't! His 's Grace much 'nrt? 'As the robbers wunt?"

Joe's pickax descended harmlessly.

"Who be you, you sneak? and who's 'His Grace,' I'd like to know?"

"He's the Duke of—, sir, hand I'm 'is servant. The thieves nearly killed us, sir, and ran hoff with hour 'osses, and I took shelter in a 'ollow log, sir, for the time. His 'e realy much 'urt?"

"Killed, I guess," said Joe, shortly. "You coward! Why didn't you come and help him, before it was too late! Here, help me lift him—so; we'll take him to my cabin."

Fortunately it was not far away, and Joe, a few hours later, had the satisfaction of seeing his guest warmed, fed and comforted, his cut sewed up, and himself in a fair way to recovery, though still weak from the loss of blood and the shock. Joe, meanwhile, had silently to the side of his bank, to give him one last reassuring glance before seeking his own hard bed on the floor, the sufferer now too long accustomed to the pole, and fell down on the floor stunned. And the woodpecker went off in a huff. A few days later Manabozho was standing at his door, wondering how he could get even with his neighbor, especially as it was the depth of winter and there was nothing but roots to eat, when he saw two men carrying a bear. He got into conversation with them, and, speaking of his own magical powers, was asked to give an exhibition of them. This he did at once by turning one of the two men into stone. "And now turn him back into a man," said the other. "Oh!" said Manabozho, "I cannot do that. I only know the first half of the trick." So the second hunter, unable to drag the bear all by himself, left it at Manabozho's door; whereupon that rascal at once invited all his friends to the great feast, and was prodigiously important and fussy at being able to ask Joe and his companion to the good things. But alas! as each one filled his mouth the bear's meat turned into fish, a fact by no means to the guests began coughing as if they were going to choke. The more they ate the worse the coughing grew, and at last the host, in high indignation, turned them into squirrels, and that is why squirrels cough so much.—*Exchange.*

The Latest Society Whim.

The latest craze which has struck the Washington fe lle is the carrying of canes. A few weeks ago a young leader in society returned from England, and the next day she appeared shortly in the afternoon on the street with a cane. It wasn't the ordinary dude cane, but a nice little stick with a shepherd's crook of hammered silver. Everybody noticed it and in other times she struck the ground with a sharp rap. There is no question that this created a sensation, but there is a great deal in the power of custom as to whether the craze will strike in or not. So far not more than half a dozen girls have mustered up courage enough to appear on the street with canes. Good probabilities are that the craze will not extend to that point where it will seriously interfere with the ordinary everyday happiness of the modern 'dude.'—*Washington Letter.*

—The manner in which steel is superseding the use of iron in various directions is further illustrated by the use, at present, of hardened and tempered steel wire upon cards for cotton and silk gins. The average life of a set of card clothing upon cotton is stated to be about six years, and upon wool consideably less. The use of "saw-tooth" wire in place of iron has not been tested long enough to determine its comparative durability; but it is claimed that it does not need to require less frequent grinding. On this account, it is said, textile manufacturers are disposed to incre the increased cost, amounting to from 25 to one hundred per cent. above that of the common wire.

—Extensive ruins have been disclosed by the boundary survey between Guatemala and Mexico. The region was evidently densely inhabited in ancient times, but is now almost wholly deundec of soil. That the process f denudation had begun before the abandonment of the cities is shown by the walls and terraces evidently built to check it, and which still retain small tillage patches. The ruins consist mainly of stone floors and walls, but upon which, there can be no donbt, lighter superstructures were built. These ruins are considered older than the more familiar ones in Yucatan.

—A silver quarter of a dollar was found in the intestines of a four-pound trout which was being dressed for the table at Cheyenne, Wyo., a short time ago. It was covered with a black coating nearly an eighth of an inch thick, and had evidently been in the trout's stomach a long time. The fish was probably dropped by some fisherman, and the fish, seeing the glittering coin, darted at and swallowed it.

—Exercise is a good thing, but it is not indispensable. Leopold von Ranke, the great German historian, is past ninety, and he has spent three-quarters of a century in his library. During all this time he has devoted fifteen hours a day to study and writing, leaving the library only to go to the dining-room or his chamber, He s hale and hearty, and has literary work mapped out for years to come.

—A party of Indians were hunting in Humboldt County, California, when a severe storm came on, and an aged Indian named Dick became exhausted. As is the cn tom of Indians in such cases, Bob was left to take care of himself. He picked a clear spot near the trail, stuck a stick in the ground, hung his hat on it, and laid down and died.

WHY SQUIRRELS COUGH.

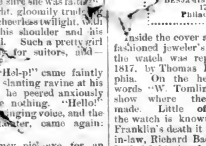
An Indian Legend of the Magical Production of Food.

Another illustration in Indian legends of the magical production of food is the delightful explanation of the reason why squirrels cough. Mannabozho came one day to th lodge of the red-headed wood-pecker, and, being invited in, sat down. Now there was nothing for the guests to eat, so the bird flew to the lodge-pole (which was the pole of a tamarack-tree) and, after a few pecks with his beak, found a crevice out of which he pulled something, and lo! it was a tamarack-tree cone, which he performed half a dozen times in succession, and then the squaws came in and prepared the feast. Next day the red-headed wood-pecker returned the visit, the Manabozho, who was not going to be beaten by a bird, had taken care to have a new lodge built round a tamarack-tree; so, leaving the bird of the wood-pecker had done, for having nothing in the larder, he hopped up to the lodge-pole, and finding out how he had seen the bird do, began rapping his nose against the wood. Unable to find any raccoons, he got so angry that he knocked off his own nose against the pole, and fell down on the floor stunned. And the woodpecker went off in a huff. A few days later Manabozho was standing at his door, wondering how he could get even with his neighbor, especially as it was the depth of winter and there was nothing but roots to eat, when he saw two men carrying a bear. He got into conversation with them, and, speaking of his own magical powers, was asked to give an exhibition of them. This he did at once by turning one of the two men into stone. "And now turn him back into a man," said the other. "Oh!" said Manabozho, "I cannot do that. I only know the first half of the trick." So the second hunter, unable to drag the bear all by himself, left it at Manabozho's door; whereupon that rascal at once invited all his friends to the great feast, and was prodigiously important and fussy at being able to ask Joe and his companion to the good things. But alas! as each one filled his mouth the bear's meat turned into fish, a fact by no means to the guests began coughing as if they were going to choke. The more they ate the worse the coughing grew, and at last the host, in high indignation, turned them into squirrels, and that is why squirrels cough so much.—*Exchange.*

FRANKLIN'S WATCH.

A Relic of Long Ago Owned by an Aged Pennsylvania Farmer.

Levi W. Groff, a typical old farmer of Lancaster, Penn., shows with pride a relic of over a century ago, in the shape of a heavy silver watch once worn by Benjamin Franklin. The watch is of silver and has an open face, while on the back is engraved the words:



Inside the cover at the back is an old-fashioned jeweler's card showing that the watch was repaired January 24, 1817, by Thomas Parker, of Philadelphia. On the back of the face the words "W. Tomlinson, London, 511," show where the time-piece was made. Little of the history of the watch is known, except that after Franklin's death it was worn by his son-in-law, Richard Bache, who lost it in a Philadelphia hotel while on a visit from his homestead in Bensalem, Bucks County, Pa.

Mr. Groff purchased the watch many years ago from an aged friend, long since dead, who had owned it so long that he had forgotten how it came into his possession. It is thought that the watch was presented to Franklin when he represented the Independent Colonies in the British Court in London. Mr. Groff has a large collection of relics of the early days of Pennsylvania. The watch has been in his possession nearly thirty years, during which time it has never been repaired, and still keeps accurate time.—*N. Y. World.*

—Texas papers are speaking of the late George Clout as "a gifted, but very unmoral man." Yes, poor fellow! he had his weakness but as a pugilist he stood survived. England will not soon forget his skilful stand "Mill on the Floss."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Proof of the Pudding

Is in the eating: and proof of the excellence of a medicine is its power to cure. The public are the druggist, or almost any one, and they will tell you that the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla, where it has been introduced, has caused it to ride

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over all competitors to the front. The heart of public confidence, and to-day it has a record of success and of cures unequalled by any other medicine.

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Advice to Stoop-Shouldered People.

A stooping figure is not only a familiar expression of weakness or old age, but it is, when caused by careless habits, a direct cause of contracted chest and defective breathing. Unless you rid yourself of this crook while at school you will probably go bent to your grave. There is one good way to cure it. Shoulder braces will not help. One needs not an artificial substitute, but some means to develop the muscles whose duty it is to hold the head and shoulders erect. I know of but one ball's exercise shot. It is to carry a weight on the head. A shot-skin or other strong bag filled with twenty to thirty pounds of sand is good weight. When engaged in your morning studies, either before and after breakfast, put this bag of sand on your head, hold your head erect, draw your chin close to your neck, and walk slowly about the room. coming back, if you please, every minute or two to your book, or carrying a book with you. The exercises whose duty it is to hold the head and shoulders erect are hit, not with scattering shot, but with a rifle ball. The muscles of the spine and the intervertrebal substance will soon accommodate themselves to the new attitude. One year of daily exercise, for half an hour morning and evening, will give you a noble carriage, without interfering with your studies.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

—The latest freak of female European circus riders is to hold a living python outstretened in their hands as they swing round the sawdust.

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Talk about women being flighty! Look at bank cashiers.—*Burlington Free Press.*

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A peculiarity of stage banquet is the great variety of spoes.

Hood's Household Calendar is the handsomest and most convenient ever issued. Send six cents for one to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Does any one know the value of flowers who don't [illegible] Bought any.

For sick and nervous headaches, constipation and liver troubles, take Ayer's Pills.

When a passenger pounds a steamboat, what is the bill of fare?—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Piso's Toothache Drops cure in 1 minute, 25c

Glean's Sulphur Soap cleanses and beautifies. 25c.

German Corn Remover kills Corns & Bunions.

Because the baby is a little yeller it's no sign he is a Cannaanite.—*Pulaski Journal.*

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is agreeable to use. It is not a liquid nor a snuff. 50c.

A snow-plow is like a bad habit—A good thing to cut adrift.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Plays a leading part in life—The bible man's dog.—*Boston Courier.*

Remember: Pendleton—It makes no mod to think what a fool I made of myself this evening! Wonder what they will think of me? Fogg—My dear boy, don't fret yourself. It's only your imagination. Couldn't see that you acted in a way way unusual.—*Boston Courier.*

Don't give your girl such a long good-by at the door. This produces coughs—from the old folks up-stairs.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Among manufacturers of preserves there is always more or less jobbyism.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Spelling: What frivolous fellows those firemen are. The papers tell us that after the fire was under control, the firemen played on the mens all night. Why didn't they go home to bed?—*Prairie Farmer.*

If it took coffee as long to settle as some men a good many of us would drink water.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Natural history: If the swallow had no throat, there would be no swallow.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

What are prisons? asked the teacher of the primary class. "Things that grow on cats," piped the small boy at the footstool.—*Boston Transcript.*

Room Gardening—When bachelor's buttons are being sowed (on) by the wearers themselves.

It is said that the duck pays no doctor's bills. Why should he when she has a quack of her own!—*Toledo Blade.*

No matter how sudden the changes of temperature, the thermometer rises and falls only by degrees.

A little Burlington boy, not yet out of petticoats, irreverently speaks of his mother and the nurse as "a sparking team."—*Burlington Free Press.*

Food hasn't much to say in praise of New England weather, but since the general introduction of the elevator he has noticed a great amelioration of the climb it.—*Boston Transcript.*

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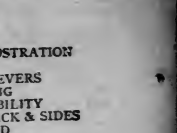

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